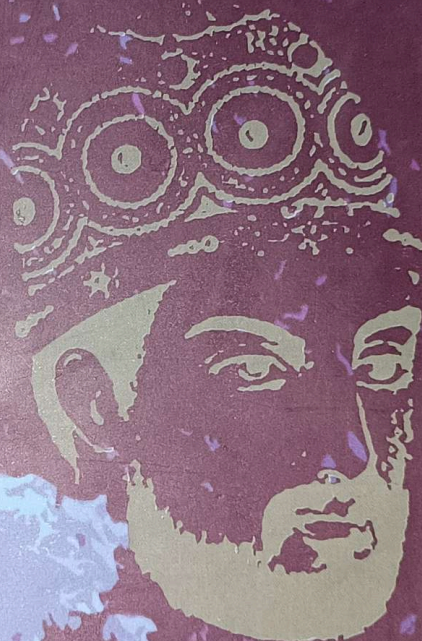


Dodo Soomro's Death

[Study of the Opera
'Doday Soomray Jo Moat' By Shaikh Ayaz]

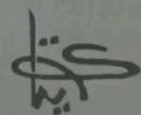
Noor Ahmed Janjhi



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By Noor Ahmed Janjhi

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Dedicated to

Those who gave meaning to life
by sacrificing their lives
but remained unknown in the oblivion
of world memory

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Preface

Time in Harmony....

Concise Oxford English Dictionary defines an opera as "dramatic performance or composition of which music is an essential part, branch of art concerned with this" and according to Viking Opera Guide, "any dramatic work that can be sung (or at times declaimed or spoken) in a place of performance, set to original music for singers (usually in costume) and instruments" and Peras' Cyclopaedia 1883 narrates it as "musical work for the stage with singing characters, originated in early years of 17th century". The word opera has a Latin origin, literally means "work". Thus, the opera is a form of performance with music as a fundamental component and dramatic roles are taken by singers, but it is different from musical theatre. It is a collaboration between a composer and a librettist and incorporates a number of performing arts as; acting, scenery, costume, and dance or ballet. The performance of an opera is given in an opera house, accompanied by an orchestra or smaller music group, led by a conductor since early 19th century. Opera is an important dimension or genre of western classical tradition and was regarded previously as an entirely sung piece, in contrast to a play with songs, opera has come to include different genres of spoken dialogue as musical theatre, Singspiel and Opéracomique. There are two styles of

singing are employed by singers in opera as; recitative, a speech-inflected style, and self-contained arias.

Florence has played an important role in the history and development of opera as its origin is traced there. The courts of northern Italy especially that of the Medici family in Florence, were particularly important for the development of opera. Therefore, Florence can be called the birthplace of opera because of the result of the confluence of three cultural forces: an established theatrical tradition, a strong sense of civic humanism, and a distinctly Florentine view of music and music's relation to the cosmos. Venetian opera was another decisive factor in the development of opera. The inauguration of the first public opera house, the Teatro di San Cassiano in Venice was done in 1637. It was a commercial venture for one of the city's wealthy merchant families. Comic opera had also emerged from the acts of opera seria and from independent intermezzi.

In this way, the commercial and comic outlook of opera gave it impetus and the genre became popular among different classes of the society. It reached to France, England, Germany, Austria, Spain, UK and United States. Major operas are being composed and performed throughout the western world.

The subcontinent has been a seat of performing arts and stage performance originated from its folk and mythology. Long tales were narrated with the support of poetry. It gave the birth to performing revolutionary songs during the movement against the British rule. The poets composed such long poems and mobilized the masses of the far flung villages through such performances. Renowned progressive writer Rasheed Bhatti, in his preface to Ayaz's opera Bhagat Singh Khay Phassi writes, "Tales with poetry, Veergatha stories and tragedies resemble with opera and Hindi musical drama". Further, he writes, "We don't find opera in the old Sindhi Literature. However, many things are found similar to it containing the same themes as those of Greek and Indian opera. These are stories with poems. Swang is nearer to the

form of opera." His opinion rightly attributes it towards Swang performance. Veergatha tales are called "gahun san galhiyoon" in Sindhi. The stories contain narrative supported by beautiful couplets. I myself observed it in kachehris during my childhood days in village. A sughar Wali Jumani had narrated the tale of Dodo Chanesar with couplets and it had created a moving situation when he had narrated the war scenes of the battle fought between Sindhi troops and troops of Delhi. Sindhi opera takes its inspiration from folk literature and creates very much impressive influence. Mr Rasheed Bhatti has called "Laila Majnoon (1888)" written by Mirza Qaleech Beg as the first Sindhi opera followed by "Dahiyoona Dukh Disan (1966)" written by Arjun Shad and staged by Gordhan Bhari in Bombay. Then, we find the operas written by Shaikh Ayaz". As the focus of Ayaz's poetry is Sindh so he has written opera with a revolutionary touch. Rasheed Bhatti calls these operas as "reviving the values of historical and cultural heritage" presenting the characters and themes "integral part of Sindhi culture and history."

Renowned writer, Muhammad Ibrahim Joyo, in his preface on the opera "Doday jo Moat" writes "Opera Doday jo Moat is a drama with symbolism. It has old characters as well as the characters of present day." Depicting the different ideologies pertaining to life, Muhammad Ibrahim Joyo writes, "The opera represents two theories about life and death on the field of national struggle. One ideology that contains fear of death and attraction to life so much that man wants to live and to enjoy life at any cost. All the values of honour and dishonour or other moral values pertaining to individual or collectivity become meaningless for him. The other ideology that contains such a great love and affection for life and carelessness and unmindfulness towards death that man opts death for sake of life. People associated with both the considerations want to have good and beautiful things of life..." Describing the character of Chanesar, Muhammad Ibrahim Joyo writes, "Chanesar's mind is entrapped in the fear of death. He thinks it better the life of dishonour than the death with honour. He wants to live after dying ten times".

a coward." Elaborating the character of Chholi, Muhammad Ibrahim Joyo writes, "The character of Chholi is a symbolical role for Sindh and Sindhi civilization. It has lost its originality and returns to her originality after observing the dwindling of every spiritual value". He calls the character of Dodo as "pioneer and builder of life". Dr Abdul Jabbar Junejo reflects on the opera, by calling it 'a classic of Ayaz' writes, "There is secret of the facts of life and death and attraction towards life in this opera".

Shaikh Ayaz, in his book *Karachi ja Deenhn ain Ratiyoan* (Pp 91 and 92) writes, "Referring to a song of Victor Hara writes that such songs spread like wild fire. There is a chapter 'The best institution for a song is life itself'. I felt it when I had recited my opera *Doday jo Moat* before fifty thousand people in birthday celebration of G M Syed." He has also mentioned the popularity of the opera *Doday Jo Moat* during its performance by Bedil Masroor during the anniversary of renowned peasant leader Shaheed Fazil Rahu at village Rahuki. Shaikh Ayaz wrote four operas. They are as follows;

1. *Mundun jo Mandal* (1947)
2. *Doday Soomray jo Moat* (1970)
3. *Ranikot ja Dharrel* (1970)
4. *Bhagatsingh khay Phasi* (1989)

Shaikh Ayaz was very much influenced by music and harmony prevailing in folklore. He had visited all of the environmental zones of Sindh and got much inspiration for his poetry from there. He was very much committed to the motherland and people. He also had had inspiration from the classical poetry of Sindh and had tried to bridge between the past and future of Sindh through the present as well as the bridge between Sindh and the subcontinent and the globe. He was very much cosmopolitan individual in his thinking with the focus on Sindh. His art was of Sindh, for Sindh and by Sindh. Sindh was the main point of his vision. He was a great visionary person with a vast knowledge of world literature, strategy and politics. He had dreamt for a well-developed

Sindh since his early childhood. His operas contain a great deal of music and harmony. He wanted to mobilize people through these operas and other forms of poetry. He was in search of reality and poetry was a vehicle of thought and communication before him. He had observed the day to day life of marginalized and poor people of Sindh. He raised his voice against every type of oppression and brutality. His opera *Doday Soomray jo Moat* is an example of his strong voice against the aliens invasions and attacks on Sindh. The main character of the opera is Baghi, the sister of Dodo. She, being a wise woman, plays a pivotal role throughout the warfare. It was great acumen of Ayaz that present a folk tale in a different way to show the people of world, the real strength of Sindhi women. Besides bravery and valour, she had been very wise and strategic too. It is said in legends that the Sindh troops were defeated in the battle as the supply and communication had cut off. The supply and communication line was looked after by Baghi.

Chanesar, being ambitious of the power, moved to Delhi for support and brought disaster on Sindh. Chholi, a side character, was also depicted in a beautiful way.

The character of Dodo is a character of strength and principles who sacrificed his life for his motherland and people. The war was thrust upon Sindh. Dodo and his friends faced it fairly and squarely. Jam Abro provided safe heavens to Soomro ladies and sacrificed his life for it. Some Rajput allies were also fought along with Soomro troops. Fall of Vigehkot was fall of sovereign rule of Sindh. It left great impact on the history and politics of Sindh. Shaikh Ayaz, through the opera, tries to remember the glorious past and conveys a message for revival of that glory. He gives the message of priority and distinction between the forces of good and bad. Both of the trends can be seen throughout the world literature. However, Shaikh Ayaz has tried his best to create a compatible applicability of the legends of yore to motivate the contemporary society and succeeding generations. He has been greatly successful in his creative

venture in shape of the opera Doday Soomray jo Moat and other operas.

Sindh is rich in culture and intellectual heritage. After Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai, Shaikh Ayaz has offered a great deal in this regard. By this intellectual heritage, people of Sindh can combat the challenges of extremism, social disharmony, environmental degradation and injustice in the society.

Last but not the least, world can follow the intellectual heritage of Sindh to combat the many social, economic, environmental dragons on the road leading to a beautiful, brighter and peaceful world.

Noor Ahmed Janjhi

Janjhi House, Mithi Tharparkar
30 November 2021

Baghul Bai aka Baghi....

A leading character of the Opera

Shaikh Ayaz has created his poetry on a vast canvas with a diversity of themes, topics and subjects. His poetry contains a good deal of patriotism and reflections on global phenomena. The variety of the themes is very beautiful in his poetry. Although somewhere he has done mistakes yet being a well-known advocate he has expressed everything excellently with a good justification. His poetry as well as prose, ushered in the Sindhi thought to the world literature. It brought an inspiration and new literary traditions. He not only composed the poetry in traditional genres but also introduced the new genres. He wrote wonderful operas and expressed history, strategy and culture of Sindh. The opera "Doday Soomray jo Moat (Death of Dodo Soomro)" is one of his such heart touching operas.

Soomro dynasty is an indigenous dynasty of Sindh who ruled from Multan to Umerkot and Vigehkot. Mr M H Panhwer has written a wonderful book on Soomra Kingdom "An Illustrated Atlas of Soomra Kingdom". However, he has rejected the idea of the story of Dodo Chanesar. The legend and folk stories belonging to Soomra period tell much more about this wonderful story of Soomra dynasty. The legends are composed by Charans and singers. The story contains a panorama view of the fight between Soomra and Khilji troops. There are melodious couplets called 'gahoon' included in the narrative of the stories. It is a great heritage of mythology. It is tragedy of our literary culture that myth, history, religion and literature are intermingled and could not be sorted out to segregate from each other as there has been done by English

literature in shape of Greek Mythology. In our literary culture people mix all of the elements to present the thesis of their likeness.

Shaikh Ayaz was very much impressed by this legend and he reproduced it in shape of a popular opera. It has been presented on the stage where it got a good popularity. This is a good composition in shape of beautiful melodies and if it is produced in shape of a documentary or a film it can be a world level hit presentation. It has a well-planned smart plot and proper characters. By the narration of the characters, Shaikh Ayaz has depicted the very structure of Sindhi society and its grievances. The tone and tenor of some of the characters indicate favour with justice and patriotism. The characters include Dodo, Chanesar, Baghul Bai and Chholi. Mr Salar Khan the commanding officer of the Sultanate troops has been depicted too. The character of Baghul Bai alias Baghi, the sister of Dodo and Chanesar is the major character of the opera. She supports Dodo to maintain high morale during the ongoing fight. Besides it, she arranges and looks after of the supplies for fighting units of Sindh troops. Dodo command the Soomra troops with a high moral and courage. Baghul is a wise and brave lady. She is not shaken because of untoward situations. Dodo shares with her about the message sent by Allaudin Khilji in these words;

خلجي تنهنجو سڱ گهري ٿو!

تخت چنيسر لاءِ چاهي ٿو!

(Khilji asks for to marry with you and he desires succession of power for Chanesar)

She listens it patiently as she thinks that everything is going to pass by with the passage of time. Neither power, nor wealth will remain with us forever. One should not be so attached with the wealth and other mundane things as one may forget herself or himself and be cowardice and meek that s/he may lose the courage to fight for sake of truth and may take too heels from the battlefield. One is appeared in this

world without any wealth, power or other resources. Everything has to be remain here in world. She apprises of Dodo about the peoples desire for the rule of Dodo. They celebrate their happiness and joy by making fun and festivities. They celebrate the achievement by wearing ajraks and singing the songs of Rano at sunset time. After the celebrations, people sleep smoothly. She warns her brother, not to leave the crown for sake of people. People will be ruined otherwise. Strangers will ravage the motherland. She says;

تاج هجي ڇا، تخت هجي ڇا،
 سونو روپو بخت هجي ڇا،
 ماڻهو ۽ موه اجايو آهي
 ماڻهو ننگو آيو آهي
 ننگو موٽي ويٺو آهي
 پرهي توکي مڃڻو آهي
 تنهنجو تخت امانت آهي
 سارو بخت امانت آهي
 هونئن ته ڪيئي راجا آهن
 ماڻهو توسان آجا آهن
 ڏڌ مڪڻ هر ڏيري ۾ آ،
 سائون هر ڏيري ۾ آ
 سانجهي ۽ ٿاڻي سانگ ٿين ٿا
 پاڻي پاڻي سانگ ٿين ٿا
 ڪيڙي پنهنجي ڪيتي واري
 سج لٿي جو سارا لڙي
 ڦلڙيءَ وارا اجر ڪه پائي
 تڙ تي راڻو ڳائي ڳائي
 پنهنجي ڏک کي دور اُماڻي
 سُڪ جي ننڊ سمهن ٿا هاڻي

جي تون پنهنجو تاج ڇڏيندين
 ڳونڊر هر جيءَ گڏيندين
 هو ڌاريا جي پير ڌرن ٿا
 ڌرتيءَ کي پڙيانگ ڪرن ٿا
 ڌرڙ منجهان ڪوراڙا چي ٿي
 اُن کان ڪا شئي ڪانه بچي ٿي
 ٻوٽن مان تتريءَ جا ٻچا
 ڳرڪائي ٿي ڏاڻن ڪچا
 جي تو آ ڪوراڙ ڏني ڪا
 هي به ڏٺو ٿي ان جا ليڪا
 مٽيءَ تي جو وقت رهن ٿا
 سڀ ساسي تن کان چرڪن ٿا

(Whether crown or kingship or wealth and fortune, the attraction by people towards them is useless. Human being has come nude and will return accordingly. However, you have to honour the trust of people as the kingship and all of the fortune are because of that trust. People feel easy with you, there are many kings otherwise. Every household has a green tree and his own milk and butter. They celebrate their festivities at sunset in all hamlets. They have their farmlands and on every well they sing songs of Rano by wearing ajraks. By doing so, they push away their sorrows and sufferings and enjoy sound sleep. Everyone will feel in pains and pangs if you will leave the crown. The strangers will ravage the motherland like a crate snake. The snake appears out of a cracks and swallows everything. It swallows all of the cheepers. If you have seen the crate snake then you may have seen its traces on land. All of the aspirants are of conscious and alarmed by the traces.)

By observing the platoons of the aliens, the tone of Baghi becomes alarming. She attributes the danger with the eruption of a crate snake out of cracks on soil. At present, the snake may swallow all of the young ones of partridges and shall leave the trace behind it. The trace will reflect a threat for every living being on earth. She suggests to king Dodo to

push away the danger of the crate snake by checking it at this stage as it may not leave the trace ..a threat for living being on earth. She calls the kingship as the trust entrusted by people. Further she advises king Dodo for sacrifice for the greater cause of that trust to stop the threat and danger at this initial stage.

Every colonization has emerged on the globe as the crate snake and lives in the society in one or the other form until the natives of the land would not expel it to enjoy freedom. The crate snake swallows in toto all types of birds. By indicating the terror of the crate, Baghi assures to Dodo that there is not only resemblance of people with their parents but they inherit genetically the cultural and strategic heritage from their forefathers. People have maternal and paternal lineages. All the intangible heritage is transferred from generation to generation. If there becomes any cowardice in the society, the succeeding generations face sufferings because of her/his follies and wrongdoings. She says;

هر ماڻهو ۾ جيءَ به آهي
تنهن ۾ هن جو پيءُ به آهي
ڏاڏو پڻ ڏاڏو تڙ ڏاڏو
روڙاچي ٿو هن کي آڏو
نانو پڻ نانو تڙ نانو
هن کان نانه ڪڏهن بيگانو
جي تو ۾ ڪو ڪانئر آهي
پُٽ ٻڌي ٿو هن تي ڪاهي
هن ۾ سچ گهٽي ٿو هرهر
هن جي سگهه ٿئي ٿو هرهر
رت پُنءِ جو هي پُتلو چاهي
پيڙهيءَ جو پاڇائون چاهي؟
جي تون وڙهندي ماريو ويندين
هن وسطيءَ تي واريو ويندين

دودا تنهنجوساه ته ويندو
 ماڻهوءَ جو ويساه نه ويندو
 تنهنجا پٽ نه ته تنهنجا پوٽا
 رهندا توسان پورو چوٽا
 آزاديءَ لاءِ رڙهندا آخر
 رڙهندي رڙهندي وڙهندا آخر
 تن جي لاءِ مثال ڇڏي وڃ
 ۽ جي چاهين خال ڇڏي وڃ
 مون لاءِ تون جيڪوبه قبولين
 خلجي، ڪٿو جو به قبولين

(Every one is a living being and he has his father, grandfather, great grandfather and all such maternal relations with him. They all are aware of him. If you have a cowardice within yourself, the forefathers attack on it like bandits. Being a combination of bones and flesh, the man is nothing is he does not follow the courageous characters of his forefathers. She suggests the king Dodo to sacrifice his life for sake of motherland because that will strengthen the trust of people and the succeeding generations will love and honour it. They will follow the sacrifice and will continue struggle for their freedom and well-being. So leave example for them in this regard. However, it does not matter her to marry with Khilji or a dog.)

In this way, the sacrifice for sake of motherland strengthens the trust and creates a charisma too. People don't only take after their parents in features but they also inherit an intellectual heritage too. Bravery is paid with charisma and honour. Cowardice gets curse in return. The tone of Baghi becomes very bitter because it is a very serious matter. Honour of the trust shown by people is on one hand while on the hand there is ferocious fight. Listening it, the king Dodo replies Baghi in affirmative. She expresses her concern over cowardice and treachery again. How a cowardice and opportunist person behaves negatively with the values of patriotism and bravery. She is of the view that telling lies is a

favourable strategy for cowardice people and they deceive their people by making false propaganda. They don't believe in human struggle and indulge into luxuries. It is their folly. However, nature always honours the truth. A cowardice cannot imagine about the love, honour and recognition the brave people got from the masses. Shaikh Ayaz , narrates through Baghi , in these words;

ڪانٽر جي هر سوچ به ڪوڙي
 لاپ به ڪوڙو لوچ به ڪوڙي
 ريت به ڪوڙي، پريت به ڪوڙي
 جڻ هو ڪائي ڪجي چوڙي
 پر جي هت ڪڙي سمجهي ٿو
 شايد هو هي سمجهي ٿو
 ڪوبه ڪٿي جو ڪيتو ناهي
 سڀڪجهه کاڌو پيتو آهي
 ماڻهو ماس سوا ڪجهه ڪونهي
 ورنڊڙ سواس سوا ڪجهه ڪونهي
 موت ايئن آ هن جي من ۾
 چچر جيئن ڪٿي جي ڪن ۾

(Everything of a cowardice is false. His thinking, achievements, search, modus operandi, love are false. Perhaps he lives with his opportunity and does not think of the effects of the causes. He thinks that there is nothing reaction in world. All is as a food supplement. Man is combination of bones and flesh. Luxury is everything. Death for him is like chichr stuck on the ear of a dog.)

Genius and wise people think death as the custodian of life. It safeguards the life till the full stop by nature. They look into at death while cowardice try to take to heels from the death as a dog tries to avoid the bite of *chichr* and runs away. However, the *chichr* is stuck with ear and will not be away by running rapidly.

In this way the character of Baghi is a steadfast and brave character that has been the legacy of Sindhi society. History shows that women have been performing two types of responsibilities. They had been managing supplies for the fighting troops and on the other hand, they had to encourage the moral of fighting cadres. The statue found from the ruins of Mohen jo Daro also reflects such an encouraging lady rather than a dancing girl as the English archaeologists called it. The character of Baghi is a very inspiring character. Soomra troops were defeated when Baghi was killed and the supply was disturbed.

The character of Baghi is a reflection of the empowerment of women in Sindhi society during past. Women have been active stakeholders of power and privilege.

Dodo,

a character of bravery, steadfastness
and cultural legacy

Dodo has been a brave ruler of Soomra dynasty of Sindh. The popularity of this character can be guessed from the fact that the name of Dodo has been remained very popular name in Sindhi society. It is because of the characteristics of bravery, steadfastness and continuity of the cultural legacy. Man excels over all the creatures in set of natural selection. He was called 'Adam' and he is also a microcosm. Even he does know it completely. What the intellectual as well as physical journey he observes and does experience, recognize his limits accordingly. How much depth of the sea of nature he does fathom, he achieves the pearls of that preciousness and transfers that experience to the contemporary and succeeding generations either in complete shape or incompletely. It reflects the unlimited power of human beings to be revealed through the succession of time. The documentation of human experience is full of that potential. Different disciplines of knowledge present the human potential differently. Folklore offers a great insight in human history. The character of Dodo is such a great character of the mythology and history of Sindh. Some writers like M. H Panhwer don't think it as the part of history. However, it has been discussed and remembered by Sindhi society since long and documented the story of Dodo Chanesar as a great tragedy in shape of verbal heritage. The heritage was transferred into black and white by different writers interested in folklore and history of

Sindh. Dr Nabi Bakhsh Khan Baloch has researched and compiled the legend in two volumes published by Sindhi Adabi Board. Renowned poet of Sindh, Shaikh Ayaz has transformed the legend into an opera 'Doday jo Moat'. He has depicted the character of Dodo as a representative of human potential. By punch 'manhoo chak pinorro nahay (man is not only a mould of clay on potter's wheel)'. Mr Anthony Robinson's book 'Unlimited Power' is an excellent explanation of that idea of hidden potential of human being. The characters of the opera of Shaikh Ayaz reflect the different dimensions of human life pertaining to power corridors. Power is a complicated game containing blood shedding as well as service to humanity. It is a great responsibility to safeguard the motherland and also it has been served as a source of selling out to the resources of motherland. Ruthlessness of power can be seen throughout the leaves of the history that how a person has killed his real relatives to pave the way for getting power. The history is full of such abominable events. The tale of power has been woven in such a skilful way that its influence can be seen in this age of information and technology as it was in practice in the dark ages of barbarism. Although the world of present day claims as 'the age of digitalization' yet the blind horse of power runs brutally as it has been running since centuries.

The opera 'Doday jo Moat' written by Shaikh Ayaz presents the happenings during a battle between the Sindh troops and Sultanate troops. Its characters express different layers of human behaviour during a tooth and nail fight. It is the great acumen of the creativity of the poet that he has expressed very important points through these characters. Baghi, Dodo, Chanesar and Chholi are the main characters of the opera along with some side characters. The character of Baghi, elder sister of Dodo and Chanesar is the main role of this opera because of bravery, steadfastness and great support for

enhancing moral and maintaining the supply line. Dodo is the second strong character and hero of the opera. He remains very consistent by his commitment and honour of the motherland. During a consultation on fight, Dodo is standing outside the tent with his sister Baghi and he stares towards dark sky and says;

ڪجهه دير هئي جا چانڊوڪي
 اڃا اوندھ ٻڙي آروڪي
 گنگھور گھٽا جو گھيرو آ
 ڪيڏونہ هوا جو ڦيرو آ
 ڇا گگھ ڪري ٿو گھون گھون گھون
 ڪنھن وقت ڦٽا ٿون تنبوءَ جون
 هن ساري تنبوءَ کي ڏاھي
 اڏري به وڃن ته عجب ناھي
 هر شئي ڏانواڏول لڳي ٿي
 پر ڪا چيزاڏول لڳي ٿي

(The moonlight is stopped by the darkness and dust storms of the changing winds of time. The dark vacuum makes a horrific noise. The tent may be rooted out by the storm at any time. It does not seem strange. Everything looks dwindling but something seems to be steadfast)

The darkness is the symbol of those consequences, the Soomra were facing those days. Moonlight eclipsed by the darkness is a good depiction by the poet. The horrific noise makes the night more horrific. Through such despairing conditions, poet foresees very deplorable situation in near future and the disaster may take everything away. All is looking dwindling but the light is seemed at the end of tunnel. It is a great skill of the poet that he comes up with a tinge of hope after a huge disaster. He narrates through his character as;

هي ما تهوء جو من جو آهي
 هر ڏونگر کان ڏاڍو آهي
 ڏس ته ڪپهه کان ڪونٽرو آهي
 جڻ پائيءَ جو پونٽرو آهي
 پنهنجيءَ تي جنهن وقت اچي ٿو
 ڌرتيءَ آڪاس ڏڏي ٿو
 تارا ان لڏ هيٺ جهڪن ٿا
 پر ٻت ان کي سجدو ڪن ٿا

(Mind of man is stronger than the mountains although it seems soft than that softness of cotton or as it is a small insect in water. When he stands and determines on his own, he shakes to earth and heavens. Stars lower for him and the mountains bow him.)

By mentioning the human mind as greater from mountains, the human nature as soft from cotton and being an insect in water, the poet wants to express about the great and hidden potential of human being. The hidden potential is unlimited and beyond to all of the limitations of possibility. Man is not merely a mould of clay on potter's wheel. He keeps a complicated mind and soft heart. Impossible becomes possible when the complicated mind determines to do something. Poison turns into honey and medicine. If the potential moves in negative direction it becomes fatal to human relations and humanity for sake of power. Both of the moves of human mind have been playing hide and seek since centuries. At last, positives moves defeats the negatives ones. The people sacrificing their lives for sake of truth are remained alive in history with appreciating words. On the other hand the people with negative moves either lost in the dust of time or condemned by the succeeding generations. The condemnation by the masses develop a wonderful lesson

for others to avoid the path of negative people. However, the poisons saliva of power addicts people till today.

Man demolishes strongholds of cruelty when he arises with determination. The earth is shaken away and the sky trembles greatly. The storm falls on the heads of cruel rulers. Stars are lowered to salute the people with determination. The mountains bow to the soft hearted human being on his steadfastness and determination. It means that strength is relative and a soft heart can move the mountains. Nature responds all the moves of positivity positively. In this way, the movements by nature reflect that the man is not only a mould of clay on potter's wheel. He is a microcosm too. Man is a unique phenomenon in nature. Many a thing revolves around him and gives him a unique position in world. Literature and the forms of art express the vast context of nature and also try to develop a strong relation with nature and way forward for a coexistence. By following the path of creativity, man has been passing through the process of evolution. He creates, destroys and creates again. He learns through a process of 'learning by doing'. Doing is a touchstone for his all of learning activities. Despite the all hindrances and disturbances, he does not stop anywhere. However, it is lamentable that he could learned a good lesson from his bad and negatives moves. It has been a challenge for human beings in every age and may remain in future too. His progressing and evolutionary learning and discovering capacity has been doing a child play in the vast context of nature. Greed and ambition have been great incentives for human advancement and progress. He does not know his limits in spite of the call from the other side as Ayaz has said;

پر رتي ڪائي پڪار آهي، مگر اڳيان تڪ تار آهي
ڪٿي اسان جي اُڪار آهي، اياز ڪيڏانهن ناو نيندي

(There is a cry at the other side but there is a speedy flow of water in river. Where is our way forward and where will the boat lead us Ayaz.)

Thus, there is not any clear cut objectivity framework in human life. He has honoured the call and tries to set aim and objectivity in life. Nature has thrown him in an open ended environment with limited powers and unlimited resources. It is his trial to maintain the balance of power between the resources and his ambitions and greed as he is not merely a mould of clay on the potter's wheel. He has to travel on the path of trial and error, patience and greed, give and take with a good sense of balance of power among the different aspect of human life and nature. Dialogue between Dodo and his sister Baghi is a reflection of human behaviour that emanate as a rainbow from human mind.



Dodo,

a character of human values
and determination

In the opera of 'Doday jo Moat', Shaikh Ayaz has portrayed the character of Dodo as the character of human values rather than merely a living individual. It is the character of steadfastness and determination who values human being much more than only 'a clay mould on the potter's wheel'. He has a unique concept of bravery and valour. He is in discussion with his elder sister Baghi, a strong and inspiring character of the story. She maintains supply line and moral enhancing during the fight. As the supply line is cut off, the Soomra troops began to lose the ground. Dodo is not losing his confidence in such a moment of trial and stress. Meanwhile, Chholi, a side character, comes to give solace to Dodo. He reacts on it bitterly and talks about 'chastity' as a natural cover to the nudity of human body. He calls chastity as 'loee' a traditional woollen rug used by Thari women. A person can be motivated towards truth at any time and by the motivation, he may leave the falsehood and may join the truth. The doors of truth always remain opened. Truth is such a dye that roots out the evil and cleans human minds. Shaikh Ayaz says, in the words of Dodo as;

لج جيان ڪا ناهي لوئي،
ڪوڙو ٿان ڪنهن وقت به ڪوئي،
پنهنجو پانڌ ڪري جي آجو
تنهن کي ٿي پڇتاءِ ته ڇا جو؟
سچ ته ڪوئي کڻي آهي

جنهن جو ڪٽپ سدا ٿو لاهي
 پاپ پڇاڙي مير مٿن جو
 آجرو اندر آهي تن جو
 ڪوڙ وٽان جي دور پڇن ٿا
 سي ڪاهيءَ مان نيٺ ڪڇن ٿا
 جن جي رڳ رڳ رسي آهي
 سچ سوا بي چسي آهي
 ماڻهوءَ جي هر رهڻي ڪهڻي
 توکي پيڙ پئي جا سهڻي
 تنهنجا گيت اُجاري ويندي
 توڙي ڏيڻا ٻاري ويندي

(There is no other rug cover like the chastity. A person can join the truth at any time by liberating himself from the shackles of falsehood. Why he does feel any remorse on it? Truth is such an expert dyer that decolouring always cleans the evil from human mind. Their inner self is very clear crystal who flee away from the shackles of false. They come out of the ditch whose sinews are like ropes and feels tasteless without the truth. All kinds of human behaviour one bears, refines the songs and lightens the lamps too)

The discussion goes on and at a stage when Dodo becomes a bit bitter in talking, he curses falsehood and looks towards Baghi. He thinks false as an illness that spreads from person to person and then society to society. Anyone who touches it, has been prey to the illness. It is like leprosy and take human mind towards disableness. Dodo becomes unhappy when he observes his brother Chanesar to beg before aliens for power. He feels irritated on the conduct of Chanesar who was playing as a puppet in the hands of aliens. Hunger for power disables the sanity and enhances greed and people turn into beggars. Dialogue by Dodo continues;

ڪوڙا ڪانئر جا سڀ سنگي
 هاج جڏهن آهي هٿ.. منگي
 ڪوڙ سندس ڪچڪول پري ٿو
 ۽ پيئو جنهن وقت ٿري ٿو
 ڪوڙ انهي تي ٽهڪ ڏئي ٿو
 تنهن چادر کي ڇهڪ ڏئي ٿو
 جا هن منهن تي اوڙهي آهي
 ڪوڙ پراڻو ڪوڙهي آهي
 اُن کي جنهن به چُتو پڇتايو
 بيڪ وٺي، جيئن ڪوڙهه پرايو
 چا به چنيسر سمجھي هاڻي
 مون جيئن هن کي ڪونه سڃاڻي
 جنهن جي ڏور پراڻي وس آ
 ناچ ڪندي ڪيڏو بيوس آ
 چاهي ڏور ته اُن کي ڊاهي
 ڇت ڏئي، پوءِ پت تي لاهي
 ٺاهي لاهي، ڊاهي اُن کي
 ناڪوليءَ کان ڪاهي اُن کي

(The companions of a cowards are liars. Need compels people for begging. Begging bowl is filled with lots of lies. False laughs on beggar as the later leaves away. It tears the covering that covers the face. The false is a chronic patient of leprosy. Anyone who touches the patient, feels repentance. Begging is like leprosy. What Chanesar may think now, none knows him as I do. How much he feels powerless during dance whose strings are pulled by another person. The puller of the strings can topple after raising to the power. The puller can raise and topple and controls the stringed person by a noose.)

Listening it, Baghi also discusses about the cowardice nature of Chanesar. Responding his sister, Dodo says that death is such an enemy that remains always with life. However, the aestheticism of nature inculcates sense of beauty among birds who fly over deep waters and embrace the scorching beams of sun without any fear. Why people feel so afraid as they become cowardice. None can avoid the grip of the death. Although the fear of death is a fact, yet the time demands much more from people. If one honours the time and lightens a light and the light remains for many years and inspires generations. The fire or light is immortal. Dodo wants to honour the demand of time and desires to light such fire;

موت ته هر ڪنهن جو ويري آ
 پاراڻي ۾ پاڙهي آ
 پوءِ به آهي ڇو مان اڏري
 پاڻيءَ پات مٿان سوپنجي
 پنهنجا پرڙا ڦڙڪائن ٿا
 سج کي سيني سان لائن ٿا
 ناهي ان جي اون انهن کي
 ڪنهن تي ڪان ڪڏهن تو ڪڙڪي!
 ماڻهوءَ کي چوڊپ ٿئي ٿو؟
 موت ته جهاپوءَ جهپ ٿئي ٿو!
 ماڻهوءَ ۾ هي ڏر ڇو آهي؟
 ڪنهن به مري هي ڄاتو ناهي
 ”هه هه! آئون مري ويو آهيان
 ٿاڻي سنگ ٿري ويو آهيان“
 موت اجائي جو ڏر آهي
 پر ٿاڻو جوان ٿر آهي
 سڄ مٿان ڪا سانجهي ناهي
 اوندھ ڪا آڳانجهي ناهي!
 اُن ۾ تارا ٿم ٿم ڪن ٿا

روشنيون ٿي ره جهڙ ڪن ٿا
 جڳ جڳ جي جهڙ مر آجندڙي
 ڪيئي جوت جهڙوڪا جندڙي
 جن مان روز وجهن ٿا ليٽا،
 ڏاها ٻاري پنهنجا ڏيڻا
 جندڙيءَ جوت سدائين جلندي
 آئي آ مون تائين جلندي
 مون کان پوءِ به جلندي رهندي
 هر پيڙهيءَ سان هلندي رهندي
 جوت ڪڏهن به نه مرڻي آهي
 اڄ جا منهنجي ڪرڻي آهي
 تنهن کي آئون نپائي ويندس
 پنهنجي جوت جلائي ويندس

(Death is everyone's enemy. It is a hunter living in neighborhood. Despite the looming threat of the death, hundreds of birds come out of their nests and enjoy flying and sunshine with any fear of death. Why a man is frightened by death. The death is a sweeping grip and none knows about it. Alas! The death has taken me away and pushed away me from valuing the time. The death is a fear of unknown and useless but the time is inevitable. There is no sun set over the desertedness. Darkness is not a support for people. The stars twinkle in life and enlighten to world. The life is fire and light offering glows and flames. Many wise people light their lamps from it. The fire of life has been reached to him (Dodo). It will light afterwards with every generation too. What the today is demanding from me (Dodo) shall perform positively and will light my fire in this way.)

After that discussion , the fight starts and Dodo orders his troops for attack. All the young and energetic people step in the battle. Dodo thinks about the safety and security of the ladies of Soomra family. He prepares them to vacate Rupa Palace to leave for Kachh to take refuge at the palace of Sultan Abro. However, there have been differences between Abro and Soomra yet Dodo has a great confidence in him. Dodo remembers a day when they were playing choparr game. A dice fell in the lap of Abro. Dodo demanded it to return back. Abro took his sword and refused to hand over the dice. It helped Dodo to choose the palace of Sultan Abro for safety and security of Soomra ladies. Abros can sacrifice themselves for sake of the safety and security of the refuge taking people. They are staunch value believing people. The lines of opera run as;

هو سورهيہ سنيري نڪرن ٿا
 جونجھار جڻا ٿي نڪرن ٿا
 ۽ جيءُ هڻي ٿو جهومريون....
 تيار ٿيو اي سومريون
 ۽ راتو واهيءَ سام وٺو
 تنهن ابڙي جي، جنهن جهڙو ڪو
 اڄ ديس سڄي ڀر وڃي نه آ
 هن وقت نديءَ ڀر نير نه آ
 ڪي نيش ڪٿو ارמוש ڪٿو
 ڪي پنڌ پٽو ۽ پير هڻو
 آ سام اوهاڻ لاءِ ابڙن جي
 جڻن چانو ٿئي ٿي ڪپڙن جي
 هو آڏي ڍال نه ڍارين ٿا
 هوراوت مرندي مارن ٿا

(The brave people come out with full preparation for fight. It makes to dance anyone. Be prepared O Soomro ladies to take refuge at the palace of Abro. He is a brave son of soil. Take some luggage and


supporting people and go ahead on foot too. Safe heavens of Abro are like the trees of Ijar. They don't keep shield before them and kill or murdered during fight.)

After it, Dodo shares his last views. He says that it is not known that who will be perished away. The troops will make crackdown on each other and Sindh may be lost away. He pledges for a strong fight till his last breath and says that the life is useful if it is utilized for motherland. There should not come the word on it so far it is alive. Chastity is loe for human being. During the discussion Dodo becomes a bit sentimental and his eyes become wet. He wishes his sister best for her well being and safety of all the Soomro women.

ڪنهن ڄاتو آهي ڪير مري
هو ڪاٺر ڪارو نيار ڪري
اڃ ايندا تنهنجي پاءُ مٿان
۽ شايد ويندي سنڌ هٿان
مان مرندي تائين وار ڪندس
۽ ڌارين جا سر ڌار ڪندس
هيءُ ڪنڌ ڪُلهن تي آجيسين
هو پير ڌريندا ڪيئن تيسين
هن ڌرتيءَ تي، جا امي آ!
هيءُ جندڙي هونءُ نڪمي آ
شل جيگل جي ڪنهن ڪار اچي
شل اُن تي ڪانه ميار اچي
شل تنهنجو وار نه ٿئي ونگو
شل تنهنجو ڏينهن نه ٿئي ڏنگو
اي پيڻ سدا آباد هجين!
جنهن جاءِ هجين، تون شاد هجين!

(Dodo says none knows of survival. The cowardice enemy may crackdown on your (Baghi's) brother and Sindh may be snatched away. Dodo assures of the fight till his life and to kill the enemies. He says that he will not allow the enemy to hold the ground till last breath of his life. He thinks the life as useless till it is not utilized for dear homeland. He prays for safety and well-being of his beloved sister.)

The immortality of the character of Dodo lies in valuing human chastity and he calls the chastity as loee, a garment used by women. The word loee is derived from Sindhi word 'lo-e' means homeland. Loe is a covering garment like motherland. Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai has also valued the Loe greatly and called it as cover for people of Dhaat. Dodo also loves truth and hates false. Any person who makes friendship with truth, becomes immortal. Falsehood is like leprosy. Greed of power makes human being dependant like puppets. They play and dance on others beck and call. History is seemed with brave and cowardice people. Dodo views death as an inevitable phenomenon attached with the life but the time is more important than life. Call of life must be attended. The motherland must be honoured. By responding the call of time, such fire may be lit as the succeeding generations can take inspiration of light and energy from it. Providing refuge and security in difficult times is the characteristic of brave and committed people like Sultan Abro. The dialogue of Dodo ends with the best wishes and prayers for her beloved sister and other ladies of Soomro family.



Dodo:

A Character of Commitment and Courage

There is great importance of epics in mythology. The epic stories depict a picture of human behaviour. How people behave during trying situations as war, disasters and conflicts? How people maintain themselves during the difficult times? How do people divert the difficult situations in their favour by playing a pertinent role? All of the happenings shown in the epics reflect the response capability of the people. The depiction of such epic stories is the creative product of the bards, poets and artists. It becomes the part of the history of people. It is need of hour to reproduce and refurbish such stories in the light of contemporary scenario of globe as the strategic and cultural heritage may be transferred to the succeeding generations.

Considering it, Shaikh Ayaz and other poets have also reproduced cultural icons and coordinates in his poetry. In his opera *Doday jo Moat* (Death of Dodo), Shaikh Ayaz has depicted the character of Dodo as a character of commitment and courage. Dodo is a steadfast and resilient character standing like a rock wall before the troops of Dehli Sultanate. He thinks human being much more than the combination of flesh and bones. He thinks loee as the symbol of national honour and faces the huge army of Sultanate with a brief troops consisting of Sindhi people. The battle was the result of the conflict between two brothers.... Chanesar and Dodo. Baghi, the brave sister of Soomro brothers. Dodo moves

ahead to honour the call of time despite the numeral comparison of two forces. He discusses on different aspects of war and its results with his sister Baghi. It was his foresightedness that enabled Soomro ladies to take refuge at Abro house. It was explored in two Acts of the opera and the third Act describes the logical conclusion of the battle and way forward. Dodo orders his troops;

چا لاءِ ڏرن ٿا ماڻهو ٿر!!
 هر روز مرن ٿا ماڻهو ٿر!!
 ڪو ڪيئن مري ڪو ڪيئن مري
 ڪو هونئن مري، ڪو هيئن مري
 جن وقت گذاريو ويرن سان
 تلوارن سان ۽ تيرن سان
 سي اڱ وڌائي آرڻ ۾
 ٿا ڪونڌ مرن ڪنهن ڪارڻ ۾
 ڪي ويڇ هٿان وهه پيئن ٿا
 ٿي لولا لنگڙا جيئن ٿا
 ٿا ڪنجهي ڪرڪي ساه ڏين
 ۽ ڏرڪي ڏرڪي ساه ڏين
 هر روز هزارن ۾ ماڻهو
 ٿي ڄڻ ته قطارن ۾ ماڻهو
 ٿا موت مهاڻن ۾ گذجن
 اوندهه لاٿن ۾ گذجن

(Why people are afraid of fighting. People die every day. Some die in this way and some in that, some with this manner and some with different than that. Those who lived with brave people and lived with swords and arrows, they jump into fight to sacrifice their selves for sake of any great cause. Some take poison by the hands of dispensers and live a lame life. Some succumb to death slowly.

Hundreds of thousands make their directions towards death and meet there in the darkness of death.)

Death is the Hojamalo of life and concludes the life's Kalyan with sad melodies of Rano. Having considered the euphemism of the death, Bhittai had declared the life as a play of two days. People pass away usually. If they will sacrifice their lives for a great cause, then they give meaning to the Rano of life. Such people become immortal in history. Dodo is one of such characters. Shaikh Ayaz has tried to demonstrate the utility of human life that how people are food of soil and their strong bodies are buried in earth. The symbolical shapes of identity are removed as the time passes by. People live and walk over the ground where many people are buried. None knows about 'who is who and what is what'. There would be many a brave person under the feet of people that had been fought for motherland or people. Their bravery had been a symbol of the great utility of life that how the cost of a head can be realized. The glittering of swords remain in human minds till centuries. Generally power is the play of blood shedding. A human becomes blood thirsty of his fellowmen's blood. Dodo narrates;

هيءَ جيڪا پُر پُر مٽي آ
ڪن جاڻون ڪنهن جي ڪنهن جي آ!
اي پونير جنگن جو پڻ جا!
تن ڪنڌ ڪرارن ڪوپن جا
جن موٽڻ مهڻو ڄاتو هو
گهر تيسين پير نه پاتو هو
هت جيسين ڌاريا پير هيا!
هو جيڪي مڙس مٿير هيا
ڪنهن اڀري واءِ نه لوڏيا ها
ڪنهن ڏوڙ تي پير نه ڏوڏيا ها

هن ڏرتيءَ تان تن ڏڱن جا
تن لوهي جهڙن لڱن جا
سي جنگ اوهاڻ ۾ جرڪن ٿا
ٿي مولهيا مولهيا مرڪن ٿا
اي سنڌ سپوتو سرو پڇوا
پل ويريءَ سان اڄ ۾ ميڇوا
سڀ پنهنجي پنهنجي سيڱ سڃن
ايئن ڪڙ ڪڙ ڪڙ ڪڙ کان وڃن
جيئن سخت ڳڙن جو مينهن اچي
۽ ڪانهن هوا ۾ ڪونه بچي
جنهن وقت گڏي ڪيڪان وڃن
ٿي مٽيءَ جا طوفان وڃن
جيئن هٽڪارن کان هانو هڃن
ڇهه ويريءَ جا بروقت ڇڄن
اڄ ماري ڏاري ورڻو آ
يا وڙهندي وڙهندي مرڻو آ

(You don't know whose clay belongs to whose bodies. It is of brave people who rejected to return back from the battlefield. They did not return home until there were aliens on their land. They were not shaken by a strong wind or not shaken by a dust pir. They sacrificed their strong bodies on their motherland. Their limbs were made of iron. They glitter among their succeeding generations with colourful turbans. O brave people of Sindh! Do make a frontline against the enemies. All may aim at their arrows to the enemies in bursts as the hailstorm. The enemies may be frightened by the running and snarling of horses. The scene of the fight may emerge as the duststorms. Today, either we have to return after defeating the enemy or have to sacrifice our lives on motherland.)

In this way, the fight goes on and Dodo senses the defeat and he calls the death as a hiccup. As the boat moves over water

when its anchor is removed so is human life. It is such a colourful and complex phenomenon that faded away with a single stroke of the brush of death. It is a great mystery attached with human life. The death is a taste to be tasted by every living existence. Philosophers like Avicenna have also reflected on the mystery of death in these words;

هر بند گشاده شد، مگر بند اجل

(Every tie was unknot but the death)

Dodo envisions a way forward for human life in spite of the trying conditions of ferocious fight. In the words of Ayaz;

پرئين وير اچي ويئي آهي
 موت رڳو هڪ هڏڪي آهي
 جيئن پر تان ڪورسي ڇوڙي
 ۽ دٻڪيءَ سان دنگي ڏوڙي
 اونهي جو اسرار نه ڄاڻي
 آرنه ڄاڻي پار نه ڄاڻي

(The ending moment has been reached. Death is only a hiccup as someone removes anchor of boat. It is a great mystery of human life. None knows about the nature and limitations of death.)

He tries to motivate Chanesar in these toilsome conditions but could not succeed. Dodo seems stood by his stand that life is a phenomenon of coming and going. The fight between forces of good and bad have been fighting since time immemorial and will be fighting in times to come. Names changes, dresses change, fields change but the fight goes on. It is an open option for human being either to be a Dodo or a Chanesar. The steadfastness helps a human being to be immortal in history. Shaikh Ayaz has depicted the character

of Dodo as the representative of 'truth' and 'right'. The fight between good and evil goes on but the final victory is for good. Dodo says to Chanesar;

چا به چوین مان مرڻو ناهيان
 ويس مٿاڻي ورڻو آهيان
 تون به چنيسر جو ڪجهه چاهين
 مون کان اڳ ۾ ورڻو آهيان
 نانئون ٿين سان، ويس بدل سان
 تنهنجي منهنجي جنگ ازل کان
 جاري آهي جاري رهندي
 جاري آهي، جاري رهندي....

(Whatsoever you may say, I will not die away. I shall come back with new name and with different shape to fight my fight for right. It is the centuries old fight between you and me and shall be on and on.....)

By and large, it is the choice of people, time and nature. Some play their part as a Dodo and some behave like Chanesar full of greed for power. Shaikh Ayaz has presented the character of Dodo as a brave, committed and steadfast character who with the help of Baghi stands against a strong force of Sultanate by honouring the call of time. His pertinent role makes him immortal in history. There are different stress which pull or push people. Chholi comes before Dodo to entertain him but he refuses. Chanesar his brother brings an army from another ruler to have power but Dodo fights against it. A huge number of enemy's army creates a threat but Dodo ignores it. That is the pertinent response by Dodo. By that resilient response, he enjoys great honour in the history and hearts of people. Shaikh Ayaz has done wonderful characterization that influences human thought

and motivates for adaptation of the role for 'good' cause. The history offers different measurements for evaluation of human role but the fight remains same in one or the other form. The fight can be against poverty, disasters, epidemics, pandemics. It needs the character of Dodo so as it can fight for the cause fairly and squarely.



The wet eye is beyond to all prices

Chholi...

A character of twists in behavior

Power is a blind horse that always runs ambitiously. Its running will not end so it has been trampling humanity along with other diversity of nature. Mostly it is thirsty of human blood whom it calls or makes 'enemy'. The game of blood shedding is going on earth since centuries. Human shirt dipped in blood is a great proof of that blood play. It has been destroyed many houses, villages, towns and countries to satiate its greed of power. Lust for power is just like rabies and makes demophobiatic to the affected ones. In Soomra dynasty of Sindh, tug of war for power has played havoc not only with Soomra but also with people of Sindh. Sindh has lost much more and shrunk after the fall of the dynasty.

Soomra rule came to an end with the defeat to Dodo and his troops in the Battle of Vigeh Kot. Shaikh Ayaz has tried to depict the leaf of history by writing an opera 'Doday jo Moat'. He has created the characters reflecting different aspects of human behaviour. The power culture is a complicated culture. Sometimes people cannot leave it and sometime power does not leave people. Transformation of power evolves through human endeavour in the light of vast context of nature.

Shaikh Ayaz has beautifully assigned the role to Chholi, a side character along with the characters of Baghi, Dodo and Chanesar. Although, Chholi is not belonging to Soomra

family yet it is the part of the family because of its acumen and attachment. Suhni of Bhattai is a sublime character. However, Shalli of Amar Jaleel and Chholi of Shaikh Ayaz reflect a diversified expression of human behaviour. She is keep of Chanesar and entertains Chanesar with wine and singing. During the entertainment, she shares points of wisdom. He dialogue starts as follows;

جيئو جيئو پيئو پيئو
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
ڪاري رات اُپهرو ليئو!
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
تمڪي نيٺ وسامي ڏيئو
چنن چنن، چن چن.....

(May live long, may drink plentiful. Sounds of gunghroo. Dark night and hasty peep. Sound of ghunghroo. Lamp succumbs in the last. Sound of ghunghroo)

Chholi talks about dark night and the light of lamp. She thinks it as temporary phenomena. Muhammad Ibrahim Joyo has commented on the character of Chholi in the preface of the book. He writes, "Chholi Kumbhar is depicted as a symbol of Sindh and the civilization of Sindh that has lost her originality. She returns back towards its origin by observing destabilization of every of her spiritual value". Such wonder can be seen in the behaviour of Chholi. She responds to Chanesar when the latter discusses utility, usefulness and uselessness of life. She says;

سائين آئون ڪُنڀارڻ آهيان
هونئن ته ڪائي ڏاهي ناهيان
پر مون هڪڙي ڳالهه ڏني آ

جندڙي مون کي پوءِ به مٺي آ
 آويءَ ۾ ڪيئن ٿانو پڇن ٿا
 ۽ ڪيئن تن تي چٽ اچن ٿا
 تن ۾ ڪوئي پيلو آهي
 ٿوري چوٽ انهي کي ڏاهي
 ها ۾ر جيڪو پڪو آهي
 تنهن جي پڪ به ڪنهن کي ناهي
 گهڙا ڏنا مون ڪيئي ڪورا
 گهڙا منجيءَ تان ڪرندي پورا
 ها ۾ر پوءِ به گهڙولي تن تي
 باجهارن جي ٻولي تن تي
 ڪيڏي پياري لڳندي آهي
 ۽ مٽيءَ جي پيالي ڇا هي!
 ۾ر جي اُن ۾ مٽ پريل آ
 ولهه ۾ر ساري رات ٿريل آ
 پوئين پهر انهيءَ جي سُرڪي
 پيٽي آ جنهن سُرڪي ۾رڪي
 اُن جي عمر سجائي آهي
 مٽي هونئن اڃائي آهي
 مٽ وڌي معنيٰ آ سائين
 نه ته مٽيءَ ۾ر ڇا آ سائين!

(I am a just a potter my sir. I have no great wisdom. However, I have observed something. I love life too. How the pots are baked by burning in kiln and how there reflect the motifs on them. Some of them is less baked so it is vulnerable to slight blows. The full baked pitcher is not even certain survivor. I have observed many pitchers to be toppled from the pitcher table. Despite that destruction the songs of gharoli are composed by kind poets sounds lovely. And what about the bowl of clay? If it is filled with wine and the night is

covered dew and feels cold. Anyone has drink smilingly a sip from the bowl in the last moments of the night makes his life useful. Wine contains great meaning otherwise the clay is of no use. Nothing is in clay, saeen)

She gives less value to clay and regards wine filled in the clay bowl is more important. She is unaware of the hosting context of clay bowl otherwise wine is useless. Chanesar asks her for another song and she starts singings as;

رھڻو آھي واس وڃي
ھونئن تہ گلڙا روز چڻن ٿا
ھيڪر ٿي ھٻڪار ھوا ۾
سارا ڀو جا ڀول ڀڄي
ھونئن تہ گلڙا روز چڻن ٿا
ڀورا وڻ وڻ واسي ويندين
جي تون منھنجي ڳالھ مڃي
ھونئن تہ گلڙا روز چڻن ٿا!!

(The flowers fall daily. Only fragrance survives. It makes the air fragrant and cracks all the thunders of fear. The flowers fall daily. You may make every tree fragrant O naïve if you follow me otherwise flowers fall daily.)

She observes falling flowers and their fragrance pushes away all of the thunders of horror and terror. She resists strongly when Chanesar pushes her towards Salar Khan, commanding officer of Sultanate army. She falls on the feet of Dodo and says by sobbing as;

جيئڻين شال سدائين دودا!
اوسونھارا سائين دودا!
سُر سڀنو آ مون گڏجي ڳايو

هي سارو سنسار سمايو
سُر جي نيريءَ سندر تا ۾
پيڙهيءَ پيڙهيءَ جي پيڙا ۾
ڪاٿي ٿهر اچي ويئي مون سان
مُڪ جي لهر اچي ويئي مون سان
مان گنگهروءَ جي چم چم آهيان
جي ڌرتيءَ تي پير نچايان
چن چن ڪن تارن سڪا
ڪجهه به نه آهن سونا سڪا
جن تي پنهنجو پاڻ وڪيو مون
پوري ٿي جو پاڻ وڪيو مون
تنهن تي چنڊ جهڪي ايندو هو
سارو منڊ جهڪي ايندو هو
منهنجو ڪوئي اگهه نه آهي
ها، جي ڪوئي مون کي چاهي
پنهنجو پڪ ڪنول جيئن آڻي
موتي هاري مون کي ماڻي
ملڪ اڳيان ڪو موتي چاهي
آليءَ اک جو اگهه نه آهي
پر مون پنهنجو قدر نه ڄاتو
هائِ! چنيسر کي نه سُڃاتو
ڪهڙي جادوءَ ۾ جڙجي مون
ڪهڙي ڪانئر سان اڙجي مون
پنهنجي عمر گنوائِي آهي
اڄ جو منهن تي چائي آهي
۽ مان انگ اگهاڙي آهيان
ڄڻ مان ڪا ڦلواڙي آهيان
جنهن جا ڦول لتاڙيل آهن

ويجهي ۽ چڪ اُڃاڙيل آهن
 تنهن جو ڪارڻ آئون ته آهيان
 چو مون ڪونه سڃاتو. ڇا هيان؟
 ڏوڙ چنيسر سارو ڏوڪو
 سونهريءَ ۾ سڀ هيو ڪو
 ڪوڙ هٿان جي ڪاج سري ٿو
 تاج رڳو تاراج ڪري ٿو
 جو به ڏهڻ تي پير ڌري ٿو
 هيٺ ويڃي ٿو نيٺ مري ٿو
 ڪنهن به ڏهڻ ڳڙ ڪائي ناهي
 دودا سائين! اڄ هو ڪاهي
 راتاهي لاءِ اچڻا آهن
 اهڙا ناهه پيا هونا هن

(May you long live O Doda. O beautiful saeen Doda. I have sung the melody of dream together and accommodated the cosmos in it. There came in me the sufferings of the generations through the blue beauty of melodies. Some grace has emerged in me and emerged a wave of luxury. I am the tinkling sound of gunghroo. The coins of stars fall on me when I dance on earth. The golden coins are nothing to me. I did exchange myself against the golden coins as I was naïve. The moon lowered on me and all the system lowered over me. I am beyond to any price if someone does love me. By stretching his hands like a lotus flower, may throw pearls of love and may enjoy me. Pearls are useless against a country. The wet eye is beyond to all pricing estimations but I did not recognise my actual value and could not recognise Chanesar. What magic bound me with a cowardice person and I have lost my time. Being cursed today, I am feeling without any dress as I might have been a flowery garden with trampled flowers. Someone has devastated those flowers in recent past. I am the cause of that devastation. Why I did not recognise myself? Damn Chanesar as he was a deception like a snake hidden in grass and straw. If something is achieved by

deceiving then it is of no use and the crown destroys too. Any one puts feet on marsh, goes in it and succumbs to death. None has swallowed the marsh. The enemies are coming for night slaughter tonight O Doda saeen! They are preparing for such planning.)

This dialogue reflects the return of Chholi. She becomes sad on the behaviour of Chanesar and prays for Dodo. She says that she has sung the melodies of dreams and has accommodated the cosmos in the tunes of melodies. She also repents on her association with luxury and she declares it as deviation. She thinks the golden coins and tinkling of gunghroo useless and hates from offering herself against money. She moves ahead towards moon of love and feels honoured in it. Every other thing feels trivial against love and affection. When a human being becomes familiar with love, then his inner becomes as a polished mirror reflecting a clear image. Love enables the soul to be moved on a loving talk and pearls ooze out of the eyes. The eyes become clear crystal to have the image of beloved. Weeping and giving belong to heart. A wet eye is beyond to all price estimations and costs. The pearls equip eyelids when a true sentiment clicks in heart. Chholi feels repentance on being with Chanesar. She thinks the age spent with a cowardice is of no use. Telling lies and being with false devastates a person. The crown and power gotten by deception and falsehood are useless. The sudden change in her behaviour makes Dodo aware of the emerging scenario. He inspires his troops for fight and sends Chholi in the tent. She prays for success of Dodo as;

دودو توکي چنڊ لڳو هو
ڪنهن مانڊيءَ جو منڊ لڳو هو
تو سوچيو هو مان چولي هان
”اُن کي اُپري ڪيئن پڇان مان“
”چنڊ وجهي ٿو ڀرتان پاڇا،“

ڏوران ڏيک ڏئي ٿو ڇا ڇا،
 ها پر ڪيڏو پر تي آهي
 اُن جي ويجهڙوس ۾ ناهي
 ڪيئن وئينءَ ڪنڌيءَ تي ڪاهي
 اي چولي! ڇاچر ۾ ڇاهي؟
 اڄ تون گدلي ميري آهين
 چئو تون موتي ڇا ٿي ڇاهين؟
 چنڊ پراهون ٿي ويو آهي!
 پويون پهر اچي ويو آهي!

(You regarded Dodo as a moon. You regarded him as magical scene. You thought about being Chholi and how shall you access him. Moon looks beautiful from distance and shares her light from far away. One cannot make it near. O Chholi don't remain at the bank of the sea. You have been dirty. What do you want by returning back. The moon is far away. It is the last moment of the night.)

She seems Dodo as a magical scene and feels hurt by distancing from Dodo. She feels helpless and thinks herself dirty and she is amazaed on her return. On the other hand Dodo gives drill to the army to fight till last drop of blood as the return is a curse for a soldier. The scene inspires Chholi and she comes out of fear and says;

هيءَ ڪنڌ ڪوريل آزادي
 ماڻهوءَ ۾ موريل آزادي
 تي پر ڪي پاڻ وهيئن ڪي
 ڇا هانءَ ڏئي ٿي هيئن ڪي
 تدبير ڏئي تقديرن ڪي
 تقدير ڏئي تدبيرن ڪي
 ڇا گوندر ڪي گرمائي ٿي

ٽي راڱا راڙ مڃائي ٿي
 ۽ پير چڪي پنڄوڙن ۾
 ڇا گونجي ٿي گجگوڙن ۾
 اي دودا! توتان گهور وڃان
 شل آئون به ڇو جا پول پڃان

(She says that the freedom ripens heads and it is in the inner self of human being. It testifies the people, claimants of self-reliance and it gives courage to weak people. It gives options to the luck and vice versa. It heats up the sufferings and makes a hue and cry. It pulls feet out of chains and it resonates among noises. I may sacrifice over you, O Doda and may break the thunders of fear)

To live freely is a natural desire of human being as well as other creatures. Head is for sacrifice in this regard. Freedom is nature that makes everything straight and correct. Man moves ahead with his potential. Fear weakens him and his ideology. Chholi wants to sacrifice over Dodo and comes out with the bag of arrows.

The second scene presents the scenario of defeat got by Soomra. Dodo is watching the dead boodies of his soldiers with gloomy eyes. Chholi brings a lamp with her and also makes wet to the dries and blooded lips of Dodo. She bursts out in tears. Dodo is also sensing about the last moment. As the Dodo is breathing his last, she wipes the wet eyes and sings as;

هر روز پتنگا چرڪن ٿا
 ڏس ڏيئي لات ائين ئي آ
 هڪ جوت ٻُجهي، ٻي جوت جلي
 هر وقت جهروڪا جهرڪن ٿا
 ڏس ڏيئي لات ائين ئي آ

هر اوڻدهر هر اوجھڙي
 ڪي ماڻهو مَرڪن مَرڪن ٿا
 ڏس ڏيئي لاٽ اٿين ئي آ
 ڏس ڏيئي لاٽ اٿين ئي آ

(The moths fall daily in fire and the lamp's flame remains alive. One fire is put off and the other is on. In this way the lamp is on forever. Some of the people smile in every darkness and deviation. The lam is on with same fashion.)

The character of Chholi reflects wisdom and inspiration. She takes water for thirsty Dodo and lamp for pushing the darkness. She sings immortality of life under the shade of death. Some people smile during untoward situations and the history smiles for those people proudly. The opera is started with the character of Chholi and ends with it. However there is a forgetting phase in her life and she returns back from it. As she comes out of the abyss of unawareness, she herself becomes the smile of history.



There is no great reward other than life

Chanesar.....

A character having lust for power and luxury

Opera *Doday jo Moat* written by Shaikh Ayaz depicts the role of Chanesar in a different way. Chanesar was the crown prince who had to take over the power of Soomra rule in Sindh. The situation changed and Amirs or delegates of the court, coronated his younger brother Dodo. Reacting the rejection, Chanesar went to Delhi to seek help from Sultan Allauddin Khilji. The latter helped him and gave his troops under the command of Zafar Baig to attack Sindh and to take Baghi, daughter of Bhoongar for marriage with Sultan. It annoyed everyone. The story of Dodo Chanesar is a semi-historical folk legend of Sindh that tells many stories pertaining to the society of Sindh. Some writers like M H Panhwer have rejected the story. However, Dr N A Baloch has documented the legend in two volumes containing different versions of the tale those reflect its existence in the hearts of people who remembered such a great legend and transferred the same to their succeeding generation through verbal heritage. The tale is told with verses called 'gahoon'. The gahoon are a heart touching form of folk poetry. The depiction of the tale presents a kaleidoscope of the events and it seems as the battle is being fought before the audience.

Shaikh Ayaz was also inspired such a great influencing presentation of the folk tales and he created operas on the stories. His opera '*Doday jo Moat*' starts with an act of the indulgence in luxury. Chanesar listens the singing by his keep Chholi and starts to narrate something. The narration presents a tragic story of the instability and vulnerability of power. Chanesar was the brother of Dodo. However, both

have different mothers. Chanesar was from a blacksmith lady and Dodo was from a Soomro lady. A little bit debate during the coronation annoyed the delegations and they evolved Dodo on the throne. The racial considerations have been influencing human thinking since centuries. The fight between Sindh army and Dehli troops was fought bravely. Sindh troops defeated and Dodo was murdered. It is said that when the commander of Dehli army dishonours the dead body of Dodo, Chanesar becomes infuriated and takes his sword out and starts fighting but it has been very late and Soomra rule was ended with the slaughter in the battle. Shaikh Ayaz has depicted the character of Chanesar as the mundane one who considers and values everything in material terms. He thinks everything to the present world and wants to enjoy whatever one gets. Chanesar starts talking as follows;

هر شئي اچڻي وڃڻي آهي
 هر شئي پيري ڀڃڻي آهي
 جيڪي آهي سو هي پل آ
 موت اٿل آ، موت اٿل آ..
 موت اسان جو پاڇو آهي
 ڪارونجهر آ، ڪاڇو آهي
 منڇر آهي، مياڻي آهي
 سانوڻ جي سومهياڻي آهي

(Everything is supposed to come and to go. Everything has its turn. This moment is worthwhile. Death is inevitable. Death is our shade. Death is Karoonjhar, Kacho, Manchar and Miyani. And it is late sun setting of monsoon)

Chanesar thinks death as an inevitable phenomenon which is born with us. None knows the start and end of death. It return back into oblivion. The death does not honour any one's request to stay away. Many a brave people came in world and dictated all and sundry but there does not find any

of their trace. There is no permanent address of the dwellers of earth. Chanesar is of the view that the death supports to none. The death keeps a light which aims at the life. The fear of death makes sensation in every heart. Chanesar asks about such a brave person who may conquer the death by killing it. The death rides as a lion on everyone's head and grinds nuts on everyone's breast. Having been frightened by the concept of death, Chanesar treats saint and sinner at equal footing because in his eyes, everyone has to fill the ditch of land after death. He says;

توسان مونسان جايو آهي
اڻ ڄاتي مان آيو آهي
اڻ ڄاتي ۾ ويڻو آهي
ڪنهن جي مور نه مڃڻو آهي
هن ڌرتيءَ تي ڪيئي آيا
جن ڌرتيءَ کي ناچ نچايا
اڄ ڪو تن جو نانءُ نه آهي
ٽهرڪڻي، ٿرٿانءُ نه آهي
پريونڻي جو پاڻ نه ڪوئي
مٽيءَ جو مانڊاڻ نه ڪوئي
هيئن چوي يا هونئن چوي ڪو
موت ڏئي ٿو ڪنهن کي ٿيڪو
هرڪو سچ اسچ ڪري ٿو
ڪنهن ماڻڪ جيئن موت ٻري ٿو
جنهن جي ٿڪ حياتيءَ ۾ آ
هرماڻهوءَ جي ڄاتيءَ ۾ آ
ڇا ڪو اهڙو پاڇوڪڙ آ
پُونءَ مٿان ڪو اهڙو پڙ آ
جيڪو اُن کان آجو آهي؟

هر ماڻهو هڪ باجو آهي
 جنهن جي سر ۾ موت ڀريل آ
 هر ڀل من تي مڱ ڏريل آ
 ڪوڙو سارو آڀو آهي
 ڪانو سڀ جو ماڀو آهي
 ڏوهيءَ جو ساڻيهه به ساڳيو
 بي ڏوهيءَ جو ڏيهه به ساڳيو
 ڇو جو هر ڪنهن کي مرڻو آ
 پوءِ جو اونهن ۾ پڻ ڀرڻو آ

(The death is born along with you and I. It has come out of unknown and has to be returned back there. It does not honour to anyone. Many came on the earth who make many people to dance. There is no their trace today that where they had been living. Alien has no stationary place at earth. Clay has no shape. One may say this or that. Death gives temporary support to all. Everyone utters truth or non-truth. Death is illuminating as a pearl and aims at life. Is there any person who can flee away from it or any place where death cannot reach? Everyone is such an instrument that plays death tunes in his head. Every moment grinds nuts on the breast and all of the self is false. Saints as well as sinners have to go to same place as everyone has to die away to fill the belly of earth.)

Chanesar would be passed through a situation of uncertainty when he observed such conditions. A few keep themselves intact in such trying situations and emerge as a Dodo otherwise many a Chanesar do bad things by lame justification of the mortality of world and lose themselves. Therefore, everything has been regarded lawful in war. Man should be helping and facilitating hand to fellow men rather than an enemy thirsty of his blood. The situation compels and throws many to be Chanesars. Despite the trying situations, one should maintain courage. When a person looks at this world with the eyes of Chanesar, everything is useless for him except his own interests. He forgets kith, kin, friends,

country and humanity. People seek refuge in luxury during such trauma in life. They avoid to look on the ground realities. Shaikh Ayaz narrates through the character of Chanesar as;

اي متواري مٺي پُڄائان
سج اُڀري ٿو مان ڪيئن ڄاڻان
سيڪجهه هيءُ جُڳائو آهي
چوڏس رات چٽائو آهي
موتني جي مهڪار به آهي
۽ ڪا ماکيءَ آر به آهي
تنهنجي تاريءَ جهڙي تن تي
ساري رات انڌيري بن تي
ڪويل جي ڪوڪار چڱي آ
۽ سا سندر نار چڱي آ
جيڪا پنهنجا ڦل آچي ٿي
چار رسيلا پل آچي ٿي
تاڙيءَ ڏول ڪجيءَ جي وٺ ۾
ساري رات لڏي سانوڻ ۾
رچي وڃي ٿو اهڙو رس ۾
آڳ لڳائي ٿو نس نس ۾!
ڏاهپ جو آڏس اهوئي
جيئن جهڙو جس نه ڪوئي
موت رڳو انڌيارو آهي
مٺ هڏن تي مارو آهي

(After drinking wine, I don't know, how the sun rises. Everything is this wor.d. Moonlight of full moon is everywhere. There is fragrance of motiyo flower and honey. Branch like your body is beautiful and cry of cuckoo bird suits at night there. A beautiful lady suits there as she offers some melodious moments. It is like a

bucket hanging in palm tree in monsoon. Such wonderful situation ignites fire in all sinews. Sanity suggests that there is no reward like the life. Death is darkness and it is an attack on a handful of bones)

Chanesar's habit of the indulgence in luxury takes him close to a woman. He seeks refuge in a woman and wine. The body of a woman is a head hiding place for him. As the drunkards look anxiously towards the buckets hanging in the trees of tarree so the eyes seek a refuge. Ayaz has called it a melodious company. The whims of wine put Chanesar's body on fire. He declares in such a whimsical mood that life is a great reward and death is an attack on the handful of bones. It takes existence of life away towards nothingness. Shaikh Ayaz has discussed the death in the beginning of the character of Chanesar. He has called it inevitable and it is unknown too. The poet has been reflecting such situations of the present throughout his poetry. The moment 'present' is the important moment for Chanesar as the coming moment will be the moment of fight and fright. The bugle call will be blown to start the fight. There will be fight and smiling and tinkling sounds of swords. It will be a nerve wrenching situation and Chanesar wants to be away from the situation as he does not sustain pressure. He seeks refuge in luxury.



Motherland is pride for everyone

Chanesar:

A Character taking urn

Man was created from clay. The fragrance of the clay and soil can be sensed throughout human conscience. All the people of conscience have been remained great fans of the motherland because of that eternal relationship. Those who have no commitment with motherland have been proven traitors throughout the leaves of human history. Man was also created from the potter's clay. It plays a pivotal role in human development. All the sustenance is produced from the soil and it facilitated the growth and development process in human beings. Man has been done great achievements and the process of achievements is going on. The soil, land, earth or clay play an important role in all of human maneuverings. In the last, human beings return back to earth to be decomposed and be absorbed in it. Earth is man's pride. The globe has been remained axis of human activities, developments and destructions. Man crosses his limits and tries to cross the limits of nature when enjoys riding on the blind horse of power. Such human moves disturb the atmospheric frame of the globe. Resultantly, the climatic process is affected badly. Market has attributed whole business with such slogan called 'climate change'. Those who own the earth, are facilitated by the earth and those who ignore the importance of motherland are pushed to the wall like the character of Chanesar.

Shaikh Ayaz in his opera *Doday jo Moat*, has depicted the character of Chanesar as a person with complexes. Chanesar

is such an ambitious character who goes ahead for sake of power and returns back when feels repentance. Sometimes, he expresses words of wisdom too. His role starts with the drinking of wine and listening the singing by Chholi. She suggests him something which takes him towards a deep thinking and he asks her for another song. As he was enjoying the singing by Chholi, the commander of the Sultanate army enters into the tent and apprises Chanesar of the refusal by Dodo. The news strikes them dangerously. They drink much more wine to reduce the shock of the news. The commander of Sultanate army pulls Chholi towards him but she gets away from him and embraces Chanesar to get refuge from an alien person. Chanesar says laughingly as ;

ها ها ها ها ها ها ها
 او هو او هو آها آها
 هونئن ته گلڙا روز چڻن ٿا
 پر هر ڪنهن کي پوءِ به وڻن ٿا!
 عورت ڪوئي جادو آهي
 چاندبوڪيءَ ۾ خوشبو آهي،
 ۽ خوشبو تي ڪو پي پونئرو
 آهي رس جو لويي پونئرو
 مُنڌ ڪٿوريءَ ڊبلي آهي
 اُن کي کولي جو به وراهي
 اُن جي خوشبو ڦهلائي ٿو
 هر ڪنهن جو من گرمائي ٿو

(Hahaha, hahah, hoho, hoho. Oh! Oh! Ah, Ah! Flowers fall usually. Some like them, however. Woman is the magic and there is fragrance in moonlit. Beetle hovers over fragrance and seeks juices. Whosoever opens it and shares the same to make warm to someone)

Chanesar, inspite of the whims of whine and stress, abhors the move by an alien person. However, he himself brought

the Sultanate army to get power for him. Although he senses the falling of flowers, yet likes fragrance of flowers and calls the woman the magic. He feels fragrance in moonlit night surrealistically. Beetles are attracted towards flowers because of their love for fragrance and the juices of flowers. He calls a woman as musk whose scent is the inspiration for all. He looks towards Salar Khan and says;

هي جو منهنجو ڪاج به آهي
تخت به آهي تاج به آهي
هٿ به آهي. هٿيار به آهي
پير ويريءَ تي وار به آهي
تنهن کان توکي آئون ڇپايان ٿو
اهڙو آئون اڀائو ناهيان
ڪپ ڪني کان گهٻرائين ٿي
ويج ويڄ، ڇا لئه شرمائين ٿي

(This is my activity as well as crown and coronation. It is my hand and arm and hits hard to my enemy. I am hiding it from you as you hesitate from the dagger. Go, go, why you are you hesitating?)

At the point Chanesar senses an ownership in his thoughts and expresses about the enemy and arms. A power stricken ambitious person feels himself a man of wisdom. He pushes Chholi towards Salara Khan and she avoids from it. In that tug of war, the shirt of Chholi has been torn out. The curtain falls and the next scene begins. Baghi and Dodo start talking with each other. Their dialogue is full of the fragrance of soil of motherland. After that the fight starts between both the troops. A ferocious battle swallows many people and Soomra troops lose the ground. There are dead bodies everywhere. Chanesar comes to the dead bodies spread on the ground and stands beside the body of Dodo and says;

جرقوٽي جي ڦونڊ اجائي
 دودا تو ڇو جان گنوائي
 هر ماڻهوءَ جي هاڪ به مٽي
 هن ڌرتيءَ تي ڌاڪ به مٽي
 آڻ مڃين ها، عيش ڪرين ها
 هيئن جواني ۾ نه مرين ها

(Proud of the water bubble is useless. Why you lost yourself O Doda. Motherland is everyone's pride and pomp too. If you did surrender, you would have to live a luxurious life and never taste such a tragic death in days of youth)

Chanesar thinks the refusal by Dodo as the pride by a bubble of water. He questions him about life. Chanesar regards the earth as pride and pomp for men. He suggests Dodo to surrender before the Sultanate army for having a luxurious life. All the power hungry people feel solace in luxury. A luxurious life takes man to many a shackle of slavery. The shackles make some people addicted and make lazy and cowardice. Such shackles of slavery are never removed till generations.

Chanesar is the only character in the opera that is full of contradictions. He thinks everything as a temporary phenomenon. He thinks that death is inevitable and is of view that the man is being trumpeting about death like an instrument of music. He regards saints and sinners equally in such a contradictory situation. Chanesar is a materialist character who thinks this world as 'everything.' He is fond of the fragrance and juice of flowers and of women. Such a great indulgence in luxury ruins the people of power corridors. Fond of wine and women, Chanesar desires to live a luxurious life. He thinks there is no reward other than life. Therefore, he avoids to sacrifice for motherland. On one hand, there are wine and women and there is battle on the other hand. He is stepped down in the ground to end up Soomra

rule. He enjoys wine and women during the war time. He uses the women for his power motives. Even the so called modern world keeps heavy hand on women. From the high level intelligence to the sensitive security, women are used as fuel in the furnace of power as the women are vast hearted, open minded and steadfast. The characteristics may not find in men despite the advertisements.

Chanesar offers his sister Baghi to Allauddin Khilji against his help and pushes Chholi towards Salar Khan during the battle. Chholi avoids it as she does not have greed for power. The hunger for power pushes away from the motherland and motivates to sell out the children. It also pushes towards aliens with a begging bowl in hand. Look after and care of the motherland is a natural stimulus among human beings. It is beyond to any consideration relating to power. The humble and caring attitude of human being offers the guaranty for sustainability of human being and natural phenomena.

▼

Miscellaneous

Shaikh Ayaz: Poet of Bright Dawn

"Reality is the basis of poetry but the basis only" has said Shaikh Ayaz, the leading poet of Sindhi in a detailed preface written on his book 'Kapar tho Kun Karay'. He has tried to analyse the poetry in the vast perspective of life and nature. The poetry, as it is said, is an exaggeration of human thought and portrays sublime thoughts, ideas and dreams. All the forms of art including poetry not only depict life and its relevance in the wider context of universe but also share the pinnacles of human concept through the creation and creativity. Dreams are a different thing as they are observed during sleep but the dreams dreamt during awakening are greater than those of the dreams of sleep. The dreams of latter type run beyond the reality as the reality itself is relative yet. The poetry facilitates that human venture to express in a befitting way to influence and ignite human thought and behaviour. Poetry not only envisions for future but it also takes inspiration and matter from the past. Shaikh Ayaz, analysing the point, has written in the preface cited above as, "I think it will be a emotional blunder to cut relation with the literary traditions of past. Sindh, still lives in feudalism. There has been hardly industrialization other than Karachi. Not only every Sindhi but every Pakistani and Indian should seek matter maximally from history, civilization, folklore, and rural life. The matter should be utilized in composing poetry and other works according to their levels of intelligence, experience, political and literary conscience. It is wrong that the poet will be cut off by developing the relation with the past. If he has creativity, sincerity and he can write with full of zeal and depth of thought, then he can be the

representative of present even after making relation with the past." (p 48)

Following the above discussed idea, Shaikh Ayaz has taken inspiration and matter from the past. He is a great follower of Shah Abdul Latif of Bhit and other poets of classical heritage. He has taken the examples from the literary heritage of the subcontinent and world. He appreciates Amir Khusro but condemns Ghalib on writing poetry for kings. He warns irresponsible poets by referring the following bait of Bhattai;

اي نہ ڀانن پير، جو کيئر کيريءَ تنگيو
سونهاري صبح سين وجهي ويٺين وير
تو کي چونڊو کير، کيرت ڌاران مڱڻو

*(To keep his harp hanging on a hook is not the behaviour,
of a bard. You are an enemy of the bright dawn.*

*Who will call you a minstrel unless you practice
your devotional art?)*

(Translation: Prof Christopher Shackle)

He wants to utilize poetry for betterment of the society. The poetry has been facilitating vehicle for change in society and paved way for revolution. He gives preference to a poet over a politician as the former is more conscious about life and the latter is anxious for power. He writes, "A poet is an emotional guide of the speed of life and by his vague visualisation, can see the important turnings of history before a politician". He loved poetry so much and chose it as the main expression of his ideas and thoughts. However, he has written short stories, letters, diaries, editorials and translations. He takes inspiration from beauty, discusses it in his poetry and concludes with the freedom of thought. He also follows the path of wahdatulwujood like Bhattai and other classical poets. In his sur Sorath, he says;

مان ئي بيجل آهيان، مان ئي راءِ ڏياچ
منهنجو ڪنڌ گُماچ، طلبي پيو تند ۾

(I am Beejal, I am Rai Diyach. Kamach is demanding my head in its tune)

He appreciates the act of Rai Diyach to sacrifice for the playing of those tunes. He is of the view that the sacrifice will lead human being towards immortality. He says;

جي تون ڪنڌ ڪماڇ سان سرچائين سائين
جيئين سدائين. جهوناڳڙھ جي جيءَ ۾

(If you reconcile your head with the Kamach o saeen. You may live forever at the heart of Junagadh)

In his sur Noori, Shaikh Ayaz discusses the overall environment of Keenjhar, conduct of Noori and character of Jam Tamachi. He portrays the baskets of fish and the stench coming out of them. He says through his character Noori as;

آئون اواهي آهيان، سرڻ تنهنجي سام
تماچي تڙ ڄام، متان موھي ڇڏئين

(I have no option and have come to you to take refuge. O Tamachi, owner of water reserve, don't abandon men after charming me)

He searches the relation of Noori with Jam Tamachi and thinks about it that it existed before. It is the elaboration of wahdatulwujood. Current relation is its realization or visibility. He says;

اڳ ۾ ئي مون ۾ هيو سما تنهنجو ساءِ
توسان منڌ ملاءِ، ايئن نه آهي اوچتو

(Your taste already existed within me. This meeting is not a sudden meeting)

Having elaborated the different situation, the poet concludes sur Noori with a note expressing the greatness of Manjar, the natural habitat of the fishermen. He says;

مون تاتيو جو تڙ ڏٺي، گندريءَ ڪنهن نه گمان
 آيو آيو اوچتو ساجن سج سمان
 ماڃر آهي مهان، نوري جنهن نپائي

(None gandri can imagine of Tamachi, the owner of the water reserve that I nurtured. He came and came suddenly, beloved like the sun. Manjar is great, that brought out Noori)

In this way, the poet has written surs of Sassui, Lilan, Suhini, Moomal, Marui and Kapaiti. It is great legacy of the past literary heritage that enabled the poet to project his thesis through the characters of past stories. The stories appeal the masses and they share the same with their succeeding generations. It makes a good transfer of experience information.

Moreover, Shaikh Ayaz has used the language used by Latif along with the present day terms. It supports the linguistic continuity and currency. Any genre of literature contains two major things; one is its content and the other is its form. Shaikh Ayaz has offered a good stock of poetry rich in both the aspects. He has been very optimistic about the bright future of the subcontinent in spite of all the hurdles and difficulties. He foresees the bright future of his poetry but not in his life time. He writes, "I may not get the chance to see realization of my poetry but my poetry will emerge as a reality at last, and I have a conviction in it. There is no remedy of the agonies of this unlucky subcontinent." (Preface of Jhurr Nennan na Lahay)

Bait of Ayaz ...

Classical Sindhi poetry is one of the fundamental ingredients of the intellectual heritage of Sindhi society. Shah Abdul Latif Bhittai is an icon of the legacy as he has depicted things in a balanced way in all respects. Because of his piercing deep observation, refined knowledge and beautiful heart touching expression have made his poetry the poetry of everyone living in Sindh or out of Sindh knowing Sindhi language. It provides a comprehensive, compact and concise matter on society, people and nature in a linguistically aesthetic tone and tenor. His poetry has been influencing succeeding poets, writers, scholars, students and even men in the street. He is poet of masses as well as the scholars and researchers. Shaikh Ayaz, a poet of twentieth century has been greatly influenced by very thought of Latif. He has followed not only Latif's diction and style but also has been presenting continuity of the thought. His books names are adopted from the poetry of Latif. First poetry collection of Shaikh Ayaz takes name from this bait of Latif....

ڪنول پاڙون پاتار ۾، پونر ڀري آڪاس
ٻنهي سنڌي ڳالهڙي، رازق آنڊي راس
تنهن عشق کي شاباس، جنهن محبتي ميڙيا

Shaikh Ayaz has called his poetry as 'Kankeh waro lak' reflecting thickness of kankeh trees presenting a great scenic beauty of nature. His poetry is in continuation of Latifi thought. However, he has dealt with his contemporary topics but all are imbibed in the ink of classical thought of Sindh. Shaikh Ayaz has mentioned in his above cited book that his

poetry had been lost by the whims of time. He writes, "My unpublished poetry composed before 1947 has been lost away. Some poems published before 1947 and this book contains the poetry written, published and unpublished afterwards". It means that the precious pieces of art and literature may be lost away. Shaikh Ayaz has focussed on traditional forms of Sindhi poetry and classical heritage as bait, doho and waie. Sindhi bait has been a great appealing form for Shaikh Ayaz. He reflects on it, "The form of my bait is similar to ancient bait. However, there is innovation in its subject matter. The language used in baits is pure Sindhi as there is no room to use Persian mixed language and there is a little room for even Hindi mixed language too. Bait is unique form of Sindhi poetry. It is hardly found in any other language the rhyming words in the middle of lines as those are found in bait. Despite no rhyme at the end of first line and last line, it is great excellence of Sindhi bait that it contains rhythm and harmony than any other form of poetry. It is a misconception that bait is a non-metrical form of poetry, albeit it has no connection with Persian bahar and wazan. It can be analysed clearly as of any other form of poetry. In fact, it is difficult to compose an excellent bait. Only he can write who has spiritual flow and command on language." By expressing it, he becomes poetry loving person and a staunch critic too. He gets inspiration from the poetry of Latif as well as offers his beautiful thought in form of bait. Humbleness and inspiration compels him to say....

پرسان تنهنجي ڀٽ ڏٺي، جهلي بينس جهول
ڏٺي ٻه ٿي ٻول، سخي منهنجي ساهه کي

ڪٿا ڪنيم ڪيچ مان، ڪليا تنهنجا ڪيت،
مون وٽ مڙئي بيت، تو وٽ آهن آيتون

وري چوريان چنگ، صدا ڪريان سنڌ ۾
 ڪونهي اڄ ڪلام ۾، سر جو سر سان سنگ،
 پريان آءِ امنگ، ڪريان لات لطيف جي.

In this way he carries on the legacy of Latif and harvests the thought for awareness of society. Poetry is via media for mobilization people and it plays a great role in revolutionary and awakening movements.

جاڳ ڀٽائي گهوٽ! سنڌڙي ٿي توکي سڏي،
 مرن پيون مارويون، قابو آهن ڪوٽ،
 اڄ ته تنهنجي اوت، ڏاڍين کي ڌاري ڇڏيون.

Reawakening of Sindhi society has been remained a very thought of his earlier poetry. Love, longing and affection occupy a major portion in his bait. He describes nature very fluently. He takes names of his books from the poetry of Bhittai. His first book of poetry reflects a small insect beetle who has a great attraction for fragrance and love. It was Bhittai who presented two polar points...beetle flying in sky and lotus floating on water in his bait in a harmonious way. Rano Mahendro when confused to see all of seven sisters very beautiful, then it was a beetle who guided him by hovering over Moomal. Shaikh Ayaz depicts moonlight in his bait as the theme has been influencing classical Sindhi poetry...

چانڊوڪيءَ ۾ چيٽ جي، ستو رات سڄڻ،

چانڊوڪيءَ ۾ چيٽ جي، نور پري نيراڻ،

تون چاندوڪي چيٽ جي، منمنجو من چڪور.

ڪوڪي ٿي ڪويل، چاندوڪيءَ ۾ چيٽ جي،

چاندوڪيءَ ۾ چيٽ جي، رنگ رليل آڪاس،
چت ۾ چوڏهينءَ چنڊ جئن، ايري ڪاڻي آس.

Besides the concept of full moon night, he presents the very thought of human freedom. Rousseau has rightly said, "Man is born free but he is in chains everywhere." Ayaz thinks about simple and naïve people and he seeks for their consciousness. Grievances and suffering faced by man is an important subject matter of his bait. His creativity feels restless when he sees or meets and hungry or suffering masses. He was very much influence by socialist philosophy but has presented critical reflection too. The communist literature has been under discussion in his poetry. However, he has penned down on a complicated theme of taqdeer.

تنهائيءَ جا تير، ڪتا منمنجي ڪيپ ۾،
چڪي پهتي چت تي، آيا نيٽين نير،
ترقي وٺي تقدير، گهوري منمنجي گهاو ڪي.

He focusses on wahdatul wujood in his poetry and narrates it in his different style. Simultaneously, he thinks himself an arrow and its injury too. Blow on existence is also same thing as well as the repentance of inner self. He declares himself the love of beloved also....

مان بڙچي مان گهاءُ، مان ئي وار وجود تي،
مان ئي هان پچتاءُ، مان ئي پيار پرينءَ جو.

A sharp tone against poverty and human exploitation is also found in his bait. He sees the glow of divinity in the face of a poor and hungry child begging for some morsels of meal. It makes his hair spilt and he reflects that agony in a heart wrenching way...

ننڍڙيءَ نينگر واٽ تي، ويٺي واجهايو
الله ۽ انسان جن، ٻنهي ٻاڏايو
پينوءَ پهچايو ڏاڍو ڏک ضمير کي.

He has dealt judiciously with the themes of patriotism, humanism and love. His early baits contains a good stock of thought on love and beloved. He attributes his creativity with beloved in a charming style that it seems mainspring of his poetic expressions. He takes inspiration from people and motherland as well as from beloved. He says....

چئو منهنجي چنڊ کي، رهي وڃي رات،
ڏئي وڃي ذات، سرچي منهنجي ساه کي.

Staying of his beloved is just staying of creativity that spurs the poetry. He has used a refined language close to grassroots and literary circles. His poetry contains a great deal of linguistic aestheticism. Besides, he has used Persian and Hindi phrases and idioms under the influence of Persian poetry. But he takes his bait from that diction and desires to give it a novel shape by imbibing it in the very cultural fabric of Sindhi society. In preface of his first poetry book (پونر پري) he writes;

"I have taken Sindhi bait out of traditional mystic colour and have polished Sindhi bait presented it in a new colour and corpse. However, I am not the judge of it that to what extent the effort has been success."

By and large, he thinks it a new experience but not a last word. It is the sign of a versatile and great artist that he keeps his artistic achievement before the touchstone of time to get it testified by the people. It is a great learning that the time and people authenticate artistic creation and human intellectual worth and work.



Nudity is their Costume

Shaikh Ayaz has tried to explore the meaning of life through his poetry as there may be attributed the meaningfulness to life. For the purpose he has made symbolic mentions to the legendary characters and unusual events of society. Latif saeen has also adapted a unique diction and style and expressed things in a different way. He has said that if the majority of people go declining then one must take inclining path rightly. Poetry communicates not only a message full of reality but also it spurs the world of human thought. The thought enlightens the life and leads it towards brighter perspective. The enlightened thought facilitates human journey heading further. Shaikh Ayaz himself has reflected on the poetry in his book "Patann tho Poor Karay" as, "The social responsibility of a poet is only the full utility of his dreams in society." A poet is a weaver of dreams. His creative weaving paves the way for others to way forward or a wharf. The poetry sharpens the human potential which is enshrined in human being by nature. Man is just only a combination of flesh and bones without that potential and holds no value other than an animal. The fragrance of the potential is everything for human being. However, the fragrance ignites and spreads by any spur and pushing in greater framework of nature. As the potential illuminates, the great achievements start to happen in world. Ayaz says;

شاعري ڪُنڀار جي ڪار نه آهي.
 ڪلال جي ڪانڊ آهي.
 سري جي سُڳند ڪانسواءِ هر ٿان،
 رڳو مٽيءَ جو لسايل پٺوڙو هوندو آهي.

The poetry is not a like the pottery making of potter. It is an offer of wine-seller. Every pot is just a formation of clay without the fragrance of the wine. It is his poetic attribution to the poetry as he thought it as a smart product of creativity emanated out of inner self. It is not just a jugglery of meter and measurement. The fragrance emerging from the pot spreads throughout different parts of world. If the fragrance may be unavailable, nothing will be available. Shaikh Ayaz has mentioned many great poets and personalities in his poetry to tribute them on one hand and on the other hand to show people the path of sacrifice and serenity. He has tried to communicate a new message by depicting the character of such giant figures. Such is the example of Muhammad Saad Sarmad Kashani who is known as "Sarmad Shaheed" throughout world. Shaikh has tried to present a narrative of right path by making distinction between justice and cruelty. Renowned scholar, Molana Abul Kalam Azad opened the doors of research on the topic by writing a great book on him under the title of Sarmad Shaheed. The book made ripples throughout the literary circles and men of letters, otherwise this gem of mystical poetic thought who sacrificed his life, was buried under a small roof at the western gate of Jamia Masjid of Delhi. His grave is where he was assassinated under the barbaric orders of Aurangzeb who was much afraid of his popularity among the masses and support to Prince Dara Shikoh. The world knows only pomp and glory. However, the martyrs are immortal and remembered as coordinating forces of sacrifice. They are witnesses of the truth and reality. Therefore, they are alive in all times. Shaikh Ayaz has expressed his thoughts on the sacrifice given by Sarmad against a barbaric exposure of power. Sarmad had

remained without any dress as he thought nudity as the dress bestowed by nature. He thought his life style as a natural expression of power and throngs of people had gathered around him.

خاک نشینی است سلیمانیر... نیک بود ز افسر سلطانیر
چهل سال که مرا پوشیدمش... کهنه نشد جامه عریانیر

*My Sulaimanhood is sitting in the dust
It's better than crown of sultan for me,
It is forty years as I cover myself with it,
And still is not worn out the garment of my nudity.*

[Translation by Asiri 1950]

He enjoys the garment of nudity and his Sulaimanhood. Shaikh Ayaz has attributed the character of Sarmad in the context of modern era which shows mirror to the society as the society may review its thinking about the justice and cruelty. People should distinguish between truth and falsehood and may favour the former and condemn the latter. The walls of Dehli are witness even today on the injustice and cruelty was meted out to Dara. When religion is used by powerful people for their favour and to strengthen their cruelty, then what results will come out? Sarmad is not only the witness of the injustice dealt with Dara, but also he sacrifices himself in this regard too. The game of power is very ruthless and the blood of millions of billions human beings have been shed in the play for power and pelf. The blood stains can be seen on the leaves of history as well as in the memory of generations. Collective human conscious is not so developed that it can motivate people to avoid the game of blood and barbarism for having power which itself is powerless per se. The barbaric rulers remain with one or the other name in every period of time and follow the same path. The dissident people oppose the blood thirsty cruel people and try to check it. Consequently, a never ending fight is on between the two sides since times immemorial. Only the

names change but the roles remain similar. Shaikh Ayaz depicts Sarmad with a deep thought and tells as ;

ملان پنهنجي عمامي ۾
سوچي ڏاڙهي نوچي
سرمد ڇا ٿو سوچي؟
دليءَ جون ديوارون سوچن:
چنڊ قطب مينار مٿان آ،
ڌرتيءَ تي دستارون سوچن:
مُجري مُجري جي پاييل ۾،
چم چم جون چنڪارون سوچن:
قلعي قلعي اک نه جهپڪي،
رات لڙيءَ للڪارون سوچن
هٿ هٿ خوني خنجر سوچي
تارونءَ ۾ تلوارون سوچن
دارا جي تقدير نه سوچي
هونئن ته سڀ دٻارون سوچن
سرمد ڇا ٿو سوچي؟
هن عريانيءَ جي جامي ۾،
لونءَ پئي لوچي؟
ملان پنهنجي عمامي ۾
سوچي ڏاڙهي نوچي
سرمد ڇا ٿو سوچي؟

In this way he tries to depict a great person who had sacrificed by his choice. Anything by choice makes the matter. It is the human faculty to enable him to create, innovate, renovate, invent and replace. There is less chance for acceptance of sacrifice and only a few people are blessed with the blessing. Human survival depends on patience and

sacrifice. Shaikh Ayaz in a piece of prose writes in his book "Patann tho Poor Karay" as, "Sarmad said to executioner that world of being is vast and limitless but the world on non-being is more vast and limitless than that of it. I am much grateful to your sword that will take me to the central depth of the limitless ocean of nothingness." In this way, Sarmad thanks to the person who is supposed to behead him. He narrates his quatrains during the process of beheading and the quatrain offer a great food for thought. Shaikh Ayaz discusses about such a quatrain reading in his book "Patann tho Poor Karay" as follows;

سرمد سر جهڪائي رُباعي پڙهي،
جلاد تلوار هيٺ ڪري هن کان پڇيو
”بي جهان ڏانهن وڃي رهيو آهين،
تڏهن به
شاعريءَ سان پيوسات نپائين؟“
سرمد سر اڏيءَ تان نه هٽايو
۽ اُتان ئي جواب ڏنائين،
”سفر دور دراز آهي،
پنڌ ۾ ڪوئي ته سونهون ساڻ هجي،
دڳ نه ڀلجي پوان.“

Sarmad voiced his quatrain with bowed head. Executioner asked him about his honouring friendship with the poetry during the journey towards other world. He replied the executioner with a great sense of humour that it is necessary to have a good guide during a faraway journey to avoid any misleading. He is committed with his cause and never retrieves from the beheading place. He is not afraid of the situation because it is the action by choice not under any compulsion. He regards poetry as a companion of a hard and long journey. His quatrains reflect a fantastic thought

reflecting the beautiful mosaic of sacrifice. Shaikh Ayaz tries to ask something from Dara Shikoh about this sea saw puzzle of power and pelf. His question arises from the wonder that how it will be wishful when the real brother seem blood thirsty to each other's blood. Shaikh Ayaz, in his book "Jar Deea Jhamkan" puts the question before Dara;

دارا شڪوہ!

تون سچ پچ ذبح ٿي وئين!

توڪي ذبح تنهنجي پاءُ اورنگزيب ڪرايو هو.

ڇا تون ڄاڻين ٿو ته

ڪنهن جي پاءُ جي خواهش ۾

خدا جو ڪيترو هٿ آهي؟

ڪاش!

مان اهو سوال

سرمه کان پڇي سگهان ها!

Shaikh Ayaz, in this way, presents the character and conduct of Sarmad as an awakened and enlightened without any tinge of remorse and retrieval. He chooses the character of Sarmad when he is unable to ask question from Sarmad and suggests it way forward too. He presents poetry not only as a reactionary expression but also takes it as a vehicle of sublime social utility. He wants to awaken the centuries' long slept people to break the ice and contribute proactively in social process. He wants to draw the attention of those slept people to peep out of the windows of their skyscrapers and to look at moon illuminating in the sky and the same has been hidden behind clouds. People should seek the moon of truth which has been covered with many layers. He says in a poem;

مان جي سرمد هجان ها ته
 قطب مينارجي چوئيءَ تي چڙهي
 نقارو وڄائي چوان ها.
 ”جاڳو اي ننڊ پر الوت انسانو جاڳو!
 پنهنجي حويلين ۽ حجرن مان
 هو چوڏهينءَ جو چنڊ ڏسو
 جو سانوڻ جي گهٽائن ۾ ڇپي ويو آهي!“
 ۽ جي ان جي ڪري
 اورنگزيب جي هٿان ماريو وڃان ها
 ته مون کي افسوس نه ٿئي ها.
 اڳهاڙپ اوچڻ ٿيندي آهي
 بي عيب انسانن جو
 پر رڳو
 بن رُباعين چوڻ لاءِ
 جلاد اڳيان سر جهڪائڻ
 زندگيءَ جو ڪهڙو نه
 اڃايو اُڪلاءِ آهي!

He likes such awareness for poetry as well as life. He is not afraid of any power during communication of such message. By mentioning the character of Sarmad, Shaikh Ayaz presents nudity as natural dress for people of spotless character. He does not narrate poetry for only to get cut the head but for greater cause of truth in society. On making the point, he makes a mistake by saying it that Sarmad was beheaded only for his poetry. Sarmad had done a practical struggle for the cause of people. Consequently, hundreds of people had supported Prince Dara. It was awakening that mobilized people to support Dara Shikoh. Sarmad was beheaded at the

soil of Delhi. His executioners have been dust settled in history and he lives as a great symbol of sacrifice. His enlightened quatrains constitute a great chapter of courage and dissidence. Unique thought, presented in the quatrains, ignites human thought towards truth and reality and pave the way leading to courage and sacrifice. The theme presented by poets of Sindh has added a beautiful feather in the thematic profile of Sindhi poetry.

▼

Green pods in kandi tree and Ayaz....!

Poetry communicates message, as Rumi said in one his couplets. The message influences human behaviour, the very basis of human action. The human actions contribute a great in the development or destruction of world. The world has seen many an upheaval in the journey of evolution. Sindhi poetry is also full of thought provoking ideas and concepts in its classics. The classical poetry has echoed a strong voice of commitment, patriotism and honouring the human values of goodness along with the honour to nature. It has also influenced the successors to follow the suit and communicate the message in contemporary context. Shaikh Ayaz is one of the such great poets who have left a great influence throughout different strata of society.

Mubarak Ali known as Shaikh Ayaz , born in 1923 in Shikarpur , a beautiful town of Sindh and a gateway of the subcontinent in yore. His father, Mr. Shaikh Ghullam Hussain Shaikh was also a great poet and well versed in Sindhi, Urdu and Persian languages. Shaikh Ayaz, started composing poetry and writing stories in early age. His stories published in 'Sindhu' magazine, edited by Mr. Boolchand Vasumal Rajpal of Mian jo goth. He was influenced in poetry by his father and his teacher Khealdas Fani. Besides, he had a great literary background with strong love for books and libraries. His thorough study helped his creativity to compose beautiful poetry and to write wonderful prose. He started composing Urdu poetry in his young age. Books of his Urdu poetry are Boo e Gul o Nala e Dil , and Neel Kanth aur Neem Kay Patay. His short stories are published under the title of Sufaid Wahashi. He also wrote heart touching letters and published under the title of Jay Kaak Kakoriya Kapri. Kithay

ta Bhanjbo Thak Musafir is his voluminous autobiography. Besides all of the books he wrote diaries and wonderful books of poetry. Bhonr Bhiray Aakas is his first Sindhi poetry collection. By and large, he has given more than fifty books to Sindhi literature and Sindhi society. He was very much influenced by the politics of Shaikh Mujeeb, Communism and Nationalist politics. He has written the best patriotic songs for Sindh, his love, humanity and world. Having influenced by all of the classics of world, he followed Shah Latif and advanced the same message to his listeners and readers. He was very much influenced by folklore and has written new folk songs and has tried to compose the poetry on all of the climatic zones of Sindh. He served as the Vice Chancellor of Sindh University Jamshoro and was very much criticised because of some of his actions taken there. He remained a leading lawyer of criminal procedure and studied human behaviour thoroughly. He traveled a great part of world and learned from those societies. He left Urdu poetry and focused on Sindhi poetry as he wanted to communicate with his own people to make them aware of the history, strategy, politics and literature of world so as they can make efforts to uplift themselves. He worked with politicians but he criticised the different flaws of the ideologies whom he liked very much.

He has left great poetic heritage, full of the message of awareness in the mosaic of beautiful linguistic presentation. All of his writings need to be studied and analysed without any prejudiced consideration. He has written in many genres of the poetry. He has not only tried to bridge the history, literature and culture but also to bridge Sindh, the Subcontinent and World. His poetry as well as his prose offer a wide range of encyclopaedic information of Sindh and the globe. He takes on various themes and subjects and advances towards symbolical expression. For example, he focusses Karoonjhar as a symbol of knowledge and freedom of human thought. He wrote the different surs in his book 'Kapar to Kun Karay'. Sur Marui is also included in it. He follows Bhittai and synchronise the stories with present times. In sur

Marui, he discusses the overall environment of Thar including flora, fauna and cultural traditions. He says;

ڪنڊيءَ سايون سڱريون، ڀسي ڳاڙها گل!
مٿان وسيون مينهن جون، بوندون موتيءَ تَل.
ڪهڙا مٽيءَ مل، گهڙي جند ملير تان!

(Green pods in kandi trees. Red flowering of kirer tree. Pearls like raindrops are falling over from the sky. Physical being has no value. It may be sacrificed for Malir)

He mentions Kandi tree (*prosopis cineraria*), an important tree of the area. Its leaves, flowering, pods and wood are very much useful and compatible to the semitropical environment of Thar. Along with Kandi, he mentions the flowering of Kirer (*Capparis decidua*) tree. The rainfall drops, he calls, as pearls. In this scenario he declares motherland very much valuable and wants to sacrifice over it. He tells about the Khatha, Khaurr and other things;

ڀنڀرڪي ۾ پوند تي، ٿڌا ٿرين ٿاڪ،
ڪاٿر سارو ڪپ ۾ ڪاٿونبن تي ماڪ،
ڇمڪيا ڪٿين ڇاڪ، نڪتي ڪني سج جي

(There are cool abodes of Thari people at the time of dawn. Khaurr is seems intoxicated and dew has fallen on khatoonba. The hems of khatho are glittering as the Sun has shown its rise)

Binbhrko is the first part of dawn. Khaurr is the north east area of Thar. Khatoonba is the fruit of a plant. Khatho is a woollen garment used in Thar. Dew is falling and the area of Khaurr seems intoxicated. It is a scenic expression the poet observed during his visit to Thar in sixties. The area of Khaurr has a deep ground water table. Somewhere there are 300 feet deep dug wells and somewhere 500 feet. It is very

difficult to draw water from those deep wells. The activity of drawing water from dug wells is performed mostly by women. As the poet observes them to take that arduous activity, he feels a kindness for them;

سانیکي تي سڄ. ورت ورتيءَ هٿ ۾
نؤورنيءَ جونج. ٽاٽيو ڏينهن مهانڊڙو

(The sun is over the deep dug well. The woman has a rope in her hands. Her pure face is melting in sweat)

It is a tragic picture of society where women draw water. The scorching beams of the sun melt their pure beauty. Thar still faces the problem of drinking water. Women have to fetch water from far away dug wells. It is a really difficult exercise. Despite the hardships, Thar has a natural beautiful environment. It attracts the poets and he composes lines on the scenic beauty of area. He writes;

وچينءَ ويلا ڍٽ تي. ڳيرا. ڳاڱيءَ وٺ.
مارن ٿوڪي بنسريون. ڪاهيا رڍن ڌڻ.
ساٺ ڪيا سانوڻ. وڃون وريون اوچتو.

(Time before sunset in Dhat. Doves and gangheti plants. Marus blown flutes and took their herds. Rainfall did rituals. Lightning returned suddenly)

ڪاريون گتيءَ راتڙيون. تارا ٿا ٽمڪن.
ڏهر سڄو ئي ڏيئڙا. چوئرا ٿا چمڪن.
روئي رم جهر ڪن. اڪيون سانگين سار ۾

(Black nights of the month of Kati. Stars are glittering. Lamps seem throughout the plain piece of land. Thatched huts are illumined. The eyes drizzle in remembrance of Sangi people)

Nearness to nature makes nature friendly. People love with such scenes and shun the profiteering greed of resources. The

love to motherland and people evolve the phoenix of peace. The peace will make the earth real prosperous. Ayaz warns people to be aware of the unseen dangers and threats to world peace. He declares;

ويڙهي 'ويڙهي جهپ' چاندوڪيءَ ۾ چيٽ جي،
ٻاهر نڪتا رات جو ساليڪن مان سڀ،
اک نه لائج جهپ، اڳيان ايندءِ پيٽيون.

(The village of Verijhap is covered under the moonlit of the month Chet. The snakes came of deep wells at night. Don't close your eyes as 'pean' snakes seem in future.)

It was acumen of Ayaz that not only warned people against the snakes of present but also he warned them of the more dangerous snakes of future. He was a great artist who penned down the pictures of his thoughts. He transferred his knowledge and communicated his ideas in a beautiful tone and tenor of a rich literary language.



Poetry of Shaikh Ayaz and the Subcontinent's Classical Literary Heritage

The vast legacy of knowledge and literature in the subcontinent is much diversified. It generates many flavours and tastes from its different genres and formations of art. Every form and genre of the art reflects a glare of wisdom and aesthetic sense. It is the mosaic of art par excellence. That is why the rich literary legacy of the subcontinent has been maintaining its genuine touch and tone. Its gracefulness and serenity is intact despite the lapse of many centuries. All of the Sindhi poets have mentioned that rich legacy in their poetic creation one or the way. They have used the same forms and metrical structures. It has created a strong interaction among the different layers of different cultures and the literary legacy has played the role as the very structure of multicultural society and the society has emanated a meaningfulness to the amalgamation of different colours of culture. This cultural interaction and mingling of intellectual productivity have paved the way to mould a peaceful and peace loving society and discouraged the social schism spread by religious bigotry or mercantile manoeuvrings. The multicultural literary legacy has facilitated to enjoin peoples' hearts and healed the injuries given by different negative agents of social structure. Poets include in this enjoining class of art who have used their poetry as a vehicle for humanitarian though and peace loving priorities in the society. The poetry has been conveying such humanistic thoughts generation to generation.

Shaikh Ayaz, a leading Sindhi poet, has based his worthwhile poetry on the rich cultural and wisdom legacy of Sindh and classical heritage seems much more prominent in his poetry. Many other colours also reflect from his poetic creation and the classical literary heritage of the subcontinent is one of them. He is such an intelligent poet bestowed with great power of observation, vast study and extensive research, who has inculcated his very feeling in his poetry and prose. He has narrated or quoted different tales and stories where ever he had been travelling and sightseeing. He has imbibed the information regarding the fairy tales and semi historical stories through his creativity and offered the same to his readers or listeners in shape of prose and poetry.

Besides poetry, Shaikh Ayaz has shared his observations and study through diaries, autobiography, fiction and letters. His collection of letters is published under the title of "Jay Kaak Kakoriya Kaprri" constitutes an excellent literary production. He has been associated with Shaikh Mujeeb ul Rahman and loved Bengal very much. He has been impressed with the thought and poetry of Tagore and Qazi Nazrul Islam and others. There seem three streams in his literary creation in connection with the literary legacy of the subcontinent. These are; the stream of the classical poetry, the stream of mythology and the political movements and the characters who played actively during the movements. He lends bait from Bhattai and also takes inspiration from Vedas and mentions them in his writings. However, his point of view is unique one. He is inspired of Miran's poetry and humanistic thought of Kabir. Somewhere, he expresses critical point of view against the classical poetry. His books Bhonr Bhuray Aakas and Kulhay Patum keenro offer a good number of excellent doha, the genre used by Kabir and other poets. Shaikh Ayaz has utilized the form but rejuvenated it with his unique thought. Legacy of doha composing has been remained the favourite technique among literary circles of the subcontinent because it accommodates a great and good stock of thought compacting in two lines. The genre has been used to reflect wise and witty thought so it has been popular

among masses as well as elite class of the society. Doha of Kabir and Miran Bai are full of such compact expression reflecting love and wisdom.

Shaikh Ayaz, in one of his baits, has narrated a collection of the poets of subcontinent. He has tried to extract the very gist of their theses and thoughts. Kabir Bhagat has said about the extraction of crux and mentioned it with the extraction of butter out of curd for himself and lassi for others. Shaikh Ayaz has told his inspiration from different sources like smell sensing of different flowers by a butterfly. Consequently, all of the colours of those flowers appear in the wings of the butterfly. He says;

تو جا سمجھي ست، سا اڄ تائين اتهاس
جنهن ۾ ڪر موڙي اٿيو ڪي ڪاليداس
آيو جنهن جي اوت سان، ودياڀتيءَ واس
ڀٽائيءَ جي ڀٽ تي، جنهن جو نينهن نواس
جنهن ۾ منهنجو ماس، ڪوري آيو ڪينرو

He draws the attention of the readers and listeners towards these lines of classical poetry. He calls the lines as history. The lines reflect the thoughts of Kalidas Vidiyapati and Latif. They have established an awakening, fragrant and loving society. His instrument or keener has taken a chunk from it. The lines create a vibrant echo of a call of the legend resonating hundreds of thousands reflections. Shaikh Ayaz has also used many melodious terms and words of oriental dialect and diction as chandrma, pag pag etc. He takes inspiration from the poetry of Amir Khusro particularly his linguistic aestheticism and melody of language. He uses word chandrma in his doha as follows;

من کان ڪائي موت، چڙهي وئين، چندرما جي اوت،
چندرما جي اوت چڙهي وئين، ڏئي چريءَ تي چوت،

رات ڏيڻي جي وٽ ۾ جرڪي، گذري جڳ جي جيت
پڙهيا پئي مون روئي روئي، "ودياپتيءَ" جا گيت

ماڻهوءَ جي منورتي بدلي، ننهن کان وڇڙيو ماس،
ڪنهن جي من ۾ ميران ايندي ڪنهن جو ڪاليداس

He tries to portray a multicultural kaleidoscope through different poets. The portrayal reflects different images from past. A glimpse of moonlight pours many beautiful thoughts and the glow of lamp symbolizes light and enlightenment. Eyes of the poet become wet when he reads the poetic creation of Vidiyapati, a well-known poet of Maithili language during fourteenth century. He belonged to north east Bihar. He did compose a unique love poetry. The poetry of Vidiyapati moved Shaikh Ayaz and he emerged with thought expressing change in human mindset in Kaljug. He expresses the sensitivity of thought by giving example of unity of nail and attached flesh on it. Both cannot be separated. If one will try, both of them would be uprooted...nail and the flesh. Mindset changes with the passage of time. Market has motivated people to think only for profiteering. In the situation of being commodity, everything becomes commodity. Who will care of the niceness of Miran's thought and characterization of the thought of love when there will be anxiety of abdomen and worry about the filling of hell of hungry mind. Shaikh Ayaz calls time the old criminal who keeps record of all the happenings...good or bad. Changing character of time resonates in the poetry of Ayaz. He elaborates the changing character of time in these words;

سمو پُراڻو پاڻي سڀ کان، منهنجي لاءِ ڪنور
پڇي پيو بنگالي مونکان: ڪير هيو تڱور

ڪاٺي هير، وسائو رانجهو سارو جهنگ تباھ
رڪ ۾ تنهنجون ڪافيون ڳولي، ويٺو وارث شاھ

من من بن آ، جنهن ۾ ناھي ڪنھن بنسيءَ جي تان
آئون به توڙيان وينا، ڪيڏو ڦري ويا انسان

He says that time is relentless and helps to forget everything, He was quotes his meeting with a Bengali who had asked him the introduction of Tagore. Heer and Ranjho have been dust settled and Jhang town has been burnt away. Waris Shah is searching for his poetry. Every mind is like a forest where there is no sound of flute. Realizing the deplorable condition, he wants to break up his flute too. It is the tragedy of time and everything is lost in the dust of time. The tragic and dark times in history create phoenix of art in society who make world fresh and refine everything of society. It leads the generations towards brighter future. Poets and artist may break away the flute in anger or hate but the sad tunes of the flute remain alive in time capsule and become voice of generations. The voices takes people towards their next step in time and the legacy goes on. Man tries to preserve his material world and physical structures but the voices of sadness and dreams keep alive in the box of history. In this way both aspects of human world.....physical and metaphysical, take growth and development. Human society get disturbance where there arises imbalance between the two aspects. Both of the aspects are interwoven and intermingling too. Shaikh Ayaz has depicted beautifully his

journey of Bengal. He mentions the poet Jaseemuddin and depicts the charming scene of Tagore at river Ganges. Some of his doha portray it as;

”ڪوي جسيم الدين“ اسان جون، دليون ڪسيون هن ديس،
چوئي چوئي جنهن جا چمپا، ون ون جنهن جا ويس.

نينهن لڳايو ڪنهن نچڻيءَ سان، اسان وڃي چنگام،
گهڙيءَ گهڙيءَ هر جنهن جا گنگهرو ڪن ٿا چم چم چام.

پورنامسي گنگا، ٿڌڙو ٿڌڙو واءِ،
تلي پيو ٿڌڙو ڪنڌيءَ تي، اچي پيو پڙلاءِ

These all are touches of human concept and want to motivate human mind towards beauty. Shaikh Ayaz is attracted by the forest of Sundarbun and attributes wedlock as roses. He turns towards the beauty of Bengal and falls in love with a dancing girl of Chittagong who makes present every moment with the rhythm of her dance. The other scene is about a beautiful phenomenon at river Ganges where the poet Tagore is strolling thoughtfully. Both the sights of scenic mosaic increase in the natural beauty. By narrating such heart touching feelings depicted in the classical poetry of subcontinent, Shaikh Ayaz portrays wonderful narratives in the light of the classical heritage focusing on love, culture and wisdom.

Look at the Bazaar O Bahoo!

Bazaar was developed into market and the market was succeeded into stock exchange. All of it is the jugglery of the forces of profiteering ...the forces of exploitation. Poetry is not only reflection of personal feelings of longing in love but it also portrays the different dimensions of life and society. Poets have discussed different dynamics of profiteering and presented a good critical thought on the subject matter. Shaikh Ayaz, a leading Sindhi poet has expressed his views on it as his own independent point of view and with reference to the other poets of the subcontinent. The classical poetry of the subcontinent has been impressing him a lot and he has mentioned about it. Somewhere he was influenced by the form and somewhere by the thought. Despite being influenced by the classical poets, he has offered his unique reaction on it and presented a great deal of good theses in his poetry. Such are his quad liners or quatrains, he composed in light of the form used by Sultan Bahoo (1631 -1693). Sultan Bahoo was legendry poet who has presented excellent mystic thought in his poetry by creating a resonance with usage of Hoo. His poetry has been sung by different folk singers but Iqbal Bahoo has given it a living voice. The lines starting with Alif Allah and ending with Hoo create a long lasting impact on listeners and audience.

دل دريا سمندرون ڏونگي، کوڙ دلان ديان جاڻي هو
وچئي پيڙي وچئي جهيڙي وچئي ونجه مهاڻي هو
چودان طبق دلان دي اندر تنبو وانگر تائي هو
دل دا محرم هووي باهو سوئي رب پچهائي هو

Shaikh Ayaz has followed the same form but offered a different content reflecting the contemporary society. The quatrains are collected in a book named "Hee je Nahroon Nind joon (The flowing streams of sleep)". He had learnt the poetry of Sultan Bahoo from his father, Shaikh Ghulam Hussain, a renowned poet and writer. Ayaz has narrated in the preface of his book "Koonjoon Karkan Roah Tay" that one day he was very much enthralled by listening the line of Bahoo "Tan Mun Mera Leeran Leeran, Jeevain Darzi Diyan Leeran Hoo!" from his father. Further, he has discussed the orders of tassawuff in the sub-continent and Bahoo belonged to Qadriya order. However, the selection of the subject matter is unique and by choice. He deals with Oneness of Being, situation of Karachi, human behavior towards nature and hunger of bazaar are included. He has presented all of the topics beautifully. He has reflected on the exploitative human behavior and never to be filled abyss of the ambition of profiteering forces running bazaars and markets throughout the globe. He says;

باهو هي بازار ڏسين ٿو ان ۾ اڇ ويڇ ڏس!
 سڀ کان آه وڏي کيسي جو سڀ کان اوچو سس!
 کيڏي آڪر سان هليو ٿي، پاڻ نه هُن جو جس!
 لوه وچان ٿو سون بڻائي، پيسو آ پارس!

He points out the supremacy culture in bazaars. People who have their pockets stuffed with currency notes are leaders there and they neglect others as substandard creatures by showing arrogance and offensive attitude. They have made money as the Philosopher's stone and trying to convert iron into gold. It creates inequality and injustice. By converting every natural resource, the profiteering forces have exploited the nature and created an environment of holding and occupancy.

Shaikh Ayaz has innovated in form of the quatrains too. He has composed the quatrains without rhyming resonance of Hoo. Bazaar has made everything a saleable item and thrown to the gallows of profiteering. He sales everything. He sales his offspring and begs from aliens too. Despite the sale, his downward skull of ambition is not filled at all. Shaikh Ayaz not only shares new things but also asks questions in his poetry. He asks the questions which disturb him. He asks why it is so in world? Why people leave this world untimely? Who is true and who is false? Why there are disasters in world? He expresses it as follows;

باهو اڄ بي موت مرن ٿا ڇو ماڻهوءَ جا بچا هئا
 آئون نه ڄاڻان ڪهڙا ڪوڙا، ڪهڙا آهن سچا هئا
 ٻاهر ماڻهو پٿر جهڙا، اندر ڪاوا ڪچا هئا
 ڪنهن کي ڪوئي چين نه آهي، ڏيهه سمورو ڏچا هئا

People are like stone in their outlook but they are very vulnerable. There is no soothing anywhere. Disasters seem everywhere in world. In spite of being influenced by his form, he writes about the innovative content in his quatrains. He writes in the preface of the book, mentioned above, "I have taken form of quatrains from Bahoo as I have taken form of sulook and bait from Sami and Bhittai respectively. Koonjoon Karkan Roah Tay contains my own philosophy rather than metaphysical thoughts of Bahoo. It is unique in its tone, tenor and reflection." His quatrains offer good stuff about "Unity of Universe", "Situation in Karachi" and "Terrorism in Karachi". He expresses about charming view of bazaar and asks Bahoo about its attraction. He says;

باهو هي بازار پري آ، هر شئي من کي موهي هئا
 تون ته انهيءَ کان ايئن پڇين ٿو ڇڻ چڪيءَ ڪنهن چوهي هئا
 ڪنهن توکي اُن منجهه اڙايو ڊوهه ڪيو ڪنهن ڊوهي هئا
 ڇا ڇا روپ بڻايا رانول، ماڻهوءَ مٽي ڳوهي هئا

What impels in bazar and expels out of it? What anchors you there and what stops from it? The Creator has created man in a beautiful way. He likes all of the natural diversity reflected in human being. He praises his beauty but he feels suffered when he observes bad deeds by human beings. By noticing an abominable assertion in human behaviour, it emerges the concept of rags in his mind inculcated by his father through the line of Bahoo. It brings bitterness of tone in his poetic expression and he asks questions about the torn out dress and grafted rug of human being in freezing winter. Why world is full of such destitute? Poverty has stricken and grinded human beings. Freezing cold disturbs humans but to whom they may complain for it? Who will be a supporting hand to them by listening their complaints and redressing properly? What age of history will heal the injuries of the poor? The poor is too weak to reach at higher forums of justice. Notwithstanding all inequalities, injustices and injuries, the poor is honouring the blessing of life. He says;

باهو هي به ته ماڻهو آهي، ليڙون ليڙون ويس،
 سيءَ سياڻي پر آ، هن جو چتليون چتليون کيس،
 هن جو ڪوئي نانءُ نه ڪوئي هن جو آهي ڏيس،
 اي تاريخ عدالت ڪهڙي؟ ڪهڙو هن جو کيس؟

The world looks like a stage of atrocities because the man has utilized his creativity and capability for profit generating obsessive bandwagon. Everyone involved in the race is rushing towards a blind alley of profiteering at the beck and call of the pied pipers of the magic of marketing. The fatal trend has gnawed every organization and institution of world established for peace and prosperity. It has shaken the balance of power in world. A few are pocketing the resources of world supposed to be created for all. The relentless system of market economy has affected every nook and corner of the society and has been affected its very structure too. The world

economy seems like a ship which will be drowned ultimately along with her pilots. The whole resource sucking system of profiteering has converted most of world parts into a hell of poverty. Everything is being pushed to be sold out for profiteering only. No considerations of being spendthrift and equitability and no concern about degradation of environment. All is thrown to bid in stocks and so called custodians of world either swallowing profit generation of the stocks or observing the whole drama silently. Shaikh Ayaz reflects as follows;

ڪيڏا ڪيس ڪري ٿو باهو ماڻهو ٺڪ جي وڳهي هئا!
 ڊگهي رسي ڏيئي هن ڪي رب پيو ٿو پسي هئا!
 نيٺ اڇانڪ ويندي توکي ڏيئي وٽ وڪوڙي هئا!
 رت پُنءِ جو انسان ڏسين ٿو ڪيئن نه پيو آڪڙجي هئا!

In this way, man has been given a relaxed authority over the resources of world with a trial and learning behavior. But he is behaving as all powerful, which he not certainly. His ambitious activities and attacking attitude towards nature, invites disasters and destruction and they appear in form of plague, cholera and covid-19.



دودي سومري جو موت

اٽڪت پهريون

[خيسي پر شمع دان ۾ ڀري رهيو آهي. چنيسر شراب پي رهيو آهي ۽ چنيسر جي سُریت چولي گُنيارڻ نچندي ڳائي رهي آهي.]

جيئو جيئو پيئو پيئو
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
ڪاري رات اُپهروليئو!
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
تمڪي نيٺ وسامي ڏيئو
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
پيئو پيئو، جيئو جيئو!
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
چنن چنن، چن چن، چنن چنن، چن چن.....
چنن چنن، چن چن.....
چن.....چن.....چن.....چن

چنيسر (کپ ۾ اچي)

هر شئي اچڻي ويڻي آهي
هر شئي پيري پيڻي آهي
جيڪي آهي سو هي پل آ

موت اٿل آ، موت اٿل آ..
 موت اسان جو پاڇو آهي
 ڪارونجهر آ، ڪاڇو آهي
 منڇر آهي، مياڻي آهي
 سانوڻ جي سومهياڻي آهي!
 ويساڪيءَ جي ويرا آهي
 تنهنجا منهنجا پيرا آهي
 توسان مونسان ڄايو آهي
 اڻ ڄاتي مان آيو آهي
 اڻ ڄاتي ۾ ويڃڻو آهي
 ڪنهن جي مور نه مڃڻو آهي
 هن ڌرتيءَ تي ڪيئي آيا
 جن ڌرتيءَ کي ناچ نچايا
 اڄ ڪو تن جونانءُ نه آهي
 ٿهر ڪٿي، ٿرٿانءُ نه آهي
 پريونئي جو پاڻ نه ڪوئي
 مٽيءَ جو مانڊاڻ نه ڪوئي
 هيئن چوي يا هوئن چوي ڪو
 موت ڏئي ٿو ڪنهن کي ٽيڪو
 هر ڪو سچ اسچ ڪري ٿو
 ڪنهن ماڻڪ جيئن موت پري ٿو
 جنهن جي تڪ حياتيءَ ۾ آ
 هر ماڻهوءَ جي ڄاتيءَ ۾ آ
 ڇا ڪوا هڙو يا ڇوڪڙ آ
 پُونءَ مٿان ڪوا هڙو پڙ آ
 جيڪو اُن کان آجو آهي؟
 هر ماڻهو هڪ باجو آهي

جنهن جي سر ۾ موت ڀريل آ
هر ڀل من تي شگ ڏريل آ
جي هر ڪنهن کي مرڻو آهي
ڪو واپس به نه ورتو آهي
پو هي سارا منڊ اڃايا!
گھنڊ گھنڊ اڃايا!
ڪوڙو سارو آڀو آهي
ڪانو سڀ جو ماڀو آهي
ڏن وٺي ڇا، ڏن ڏئي ڇا،
ناس ڪري ڇا، ناس ٿئي ڇا!
ماڻهو ڇا اڀمان به مٽي،
آن به مٽي، شان به مٽي
ڏوهيءَ جو ساڻيهه به ساڳيو
بي ڏوهيءَ جو ڏيهه به ساڳيو
چو جو هر ڪنهن کي مرڻو آ
ڀونءِ جو اونھون پڻ ڀرڻو آ.

[مڪھ سان چوليءَ جي چڱ وٺي ٿو ۽ ٻئي هٿ سان
صراحيءَ مان پيالو ڀري ٿو]

پل ته هجي پوءِ لولو لڳو
مٽي وليءَ کان گُٽو چڱو!
اي متواري مٽي پُڄاڻان
سج اُڀري ٿو مان ڪيئن ڄاڻان
سيڪجهه هيءُ جُڳاڻو آهي
چوڌس رات چٽاڻو آهي
موتڻي جي مهڪار به آهي

۽ ڪا ماکيءَ آره آهي
 تنهنجي ٿاريءَ جهڙي تن تي
 ساري رات انڌيري بن تي
 ڪوبل جي ڪوڪار چڱي آ
 ۽ سا سندر نار چڱي آ
 جيڪا پنهنجا ڦل آچي ٿي
 چار رسيلا پل آچي ٿي
 تازيءَ ڏول ڪجيءَ جي وٺ ۾
 ساري رات لڏي سانوڻ ۾
 رچي وڃي ٿو اهڙو رس ۾
 آڳ لڳائي ٿو نس نس ۾!
 ڏاهپ جو آڏس اهوئي
 جيئن جهڙو جس نه ڪوئي
 موت رڳو انڌيارو آهي
 مٺ هڏن تي مارو آهي

چولي

سائين آئون ڪُنيارڻ آهيان
 هونئن ته ڪائي ڏاهي ناهيان
 پر مون هڪڙي ڳالهه ڏني آ
 جندڙي مون کي پوءِ به مٺي آ
 آويءَ ۾ ڪيئن ٿانو پڇن ٿا
 ۽ ڪيئن تن تي چٽا چن ٿا
 تن ۾ ڪوئي پيلو آهي
 ٿوري چوٽ انهي کي ڏاهي
 ها پر جيڪو پڪو آهي
 تنهن جي پڪ به ڪنهن کي ناهي

گهڙا ڏنا مون ڪيڻي ڪورا
 گهڙا منجھيءَ تان ڪرندي پورا
 ها پر پوءِ به گهڙولي تن تي
 ٻاجهارن جي ٻولي تن تي
 ڪيڏي پياري لڳندي آهي
 ۽ مٽيءَ جي پيالي ڇا هي
 پر جي اُن ۾ مڌ ڀريل آ
 ولھ ۾ ساري رات ٺريل آ
 پوئين پھر انهيءَ جي مُرڪي
 پيٽي آ جنھن مُرڪي مُرڪي
 اُن جي عمر سڄائي آهي
 مٽي هونئن اڃائي آهي
 مڌ وڌي معنيٰ آ سائين
 نه ته مٽيءَ ۾ ڇا آ سائين!

[جنيسر ڪُجھ وقت ٽٻيءَ ۾ اچي وڃي ٿو ۽ پوءِ منهن
 مٿي ڪري چوليءَ کي ڪا دير گهوري ٿو ۽ هن کي ٻئي
 گيت ٻڌائڻ لاءِ چوي ٿو. چولي هڪ وائي ڳائي ٿو]

چولي....

رهڻو آهي واس وڃي
 هونئن ته گلڙا روز چڻن ٿا!
 هيڪر ٿي هُٻڪار هوا ۾
 سارا ڀو جا ڀول پڇي...
 هونئن ته گلڙا روز چڻن ٿا!
 پورا وڻ وڻ واسي ويندين
 جي تون منهنجي ڳالهه مڃي

هونئن ته گلڙا روز چئن ٿا!!
رهڻو آهي.....

[راڳ اڌ ۾ رڳو وڃي ٿو علاء الدين خلجيءَ جو سهڻو
سالار، سالار خان، خيمي ۾ بنا اجازت گهڙي اچي ٿو ۽ چنيسر
کي ٻڌائي ٿو ته دودي آڻ کان انڪار ڪيو آهي. چنيسر هن
کي شراب جو پيالو پري ڏئي ٿو جو هو هڪ گيت سان پي
وڃي ٿو ۽ پوءِ ٻيئي دودي جي چانوڻيءَ تي شب خون هڻڻ جي
ست سڏين ٿا..... چولي حيرت مان پنهي کي ٻڌي ٿي. ان وچ ۾
سالار خان شراب جا ٽي چار پيالا گيت سان پي وڃي ٿو ۽
نشي ۾ اچي چوليءَ کي ٻانهن کان چڪي ٿو چولي هن کان
پاڻ ڇڏائي چنيسر کي چنبري ٿي]

چنيسر تهڪ ڏيئي.....

ها ها ها ها ها ها!
او هو او هو آها آها!
هونئن ته گلڙا روز چئن ٿا
پر هر ڪنهن کي پوءِ به وڻن ٿا!
عورت ڪوئي جادو آهي
چاندو ڪي ۾ خوشبو آهي،
۽ خوشبو تي ڪوپي پونئرو
آهي رس جو لويي پونئرو
مٺڻ ڪٿوريءَ ڊهلي آهي
اُن کي کولي جو به وراهي
اُن جي خوشبو ڦهلائي ٿو
هر ڪنهن جو من گرمائي ٿو.

[سالار خان ڏسي چوي ٿو]

هي جو منهنجو ڪاڄ به آهي
تخت به آهي تاج به آهي
هٿ به آهي، هٿيار به آهي
په ويريءَ تي وار به آهي
تنهن کان توکي آئون ڇڏيان ٿو
اهڙو آئون ايائوناهيان
ڪپ ڪني کان گهٽائين ٿي
وڃ وڃ، ڇا لڌ شرمائين ٿي؟

[چنيسر چوليءَ کي ڏڪو ڏئي ٿو ۽ سالار خان هن کي پاڻ
ڏانهن ڇڪي ٿو، ته چوليءَ جي موٽڙي جي چولي ڳلهي
وتان ڦاٽي پوي ٿي. پردو ڪري ٿو]

اٽڪ پيو

پردو پھريون

[آڌ رات جو وقت آهي. دودو پنهنجي پيٽ ٻاگهيءَ سان
خيمي جي ٻاهران اونڌا هي آسمان ڏانهن ڏسي رهيو آهي]

دودو.....

ڪجهه دير هئي جا چانڊوڪي
اڃ اوندهه اُڀري آ روڪي
گنگهور گهٽا جو گهيرو آ
ڪيڏون هئا جو ڦيرو آ
ڇا گگهه ڪري ٿو گهون گهون گهون

ڪنهن وقت ڦٽا ٿيڻ تي تنبوءَ جون
 هن ساري تنبوءَ کي ڏاهي
 اُڏري به وڃن ته عجب ناهي
 هر شئي ڏانوا ڏول لڳي ٿي
 پر ڪا چيز اڏول لڳي ٿي
 هي ماڻهوءَ جو من جو آهي
 هر ڏونگر کان ڏاڍو آهي
 ڏس ته ڪپهه کان ڪونٽرو آهي
 ڄڻ پاڻيءَ جو پونٽرو آهي
 پنهنجيءَ تي جنهن وقت اچي ٿو
 ڌرتيءَ آڪاس ڏڏي ٿو
 تارا ان لاءِ هيٺ جهڪن ٿا
 پر بت ان کي سجدو ڪن ٿا.

[هاڳهيءَ ڏانهن ڏسي چوي ٿو]

خلجي تنهنجو سڱ گهري ٿو!
 تخت چنيسر لاءِ چاهي ٿو!

هاڳهي....

تاج هجي ڇا، تخت هجي ڇا،
 سونو روپو بخت هجي ڇا،
 ماڻهوءَ موه اجايو آهي
 ماڻهو ننگو آيو آهي
 ننگو موٽي ويٺو آهي
 پر هي توکي مڃڻو آهي،
 تنهنجو تخت امانت آهي،

سارو بخت امانت آهي
 هونئن ته ڪيئي راجا آهن
 ماڻهو توهان آجا آهن
 ڏک مڪڻ هر ڏيري و آ.
 ساڻو وڻ هر ڏيري و آ
 سانجهي ٽاڻي سانگ ٿين ٿا
 پاڻي پاڻي سانگ ٿين ٿا
 ڪيرڙي پنهنجي ڪيتي واري
 سج لٽي جو سارا لاري
 ڦلڙيءَ وارا اجر ڪه پائي
 تڙ تي راڻو ڳائي ڳائي
 پنهنجي ڏک کي دور اُماڻي
 مُڪ جي ننڊ سمهن ٿا هاڻي
 جي تون پنهنجو تاج ڇڏيندين
 گوند ۾ هر جيءَ گڏيندين
 هو ڌاريا جي پير ڌرن ٿا
 ڌرتيءَ کي پڙيانگ ڪرڻ ٿا
 ڌڙ منجهان ڪوراڙا چي ٿي
 اُن کان ڪا شئي ڪانه بچي ٿي
 ٻوٽن مان تتريءَ جا ٻچا
 ڳرڪاڻي ٿي ڏاڻڻ ڪچا
 جي تو آ ڪوراڙ ڏني ڪا
 هي به ڏنو ٿي ان جا ليڪا
 مٽيءَ تي جو وقت رهن ٿا
 سڀ ساسي تن کان چرڪن ٿا.

[دودي جي ڇاڻيءَ تي هٿ رکي چوي ٿي...]

هر ماڻهوءَ ۾ جيءَ به آهي
 تنهن ۾ هن جو پيءُ به آهي
 ڏاڏو پڙ ڏاڏو، تڙ ڏاڏو
 روزاچي ٿو هن کي آڏو
 نانو پڙ نانو، تڙ نانو
 هن کان نانھ ڪڏهن بيگانو
 جي تو ۾ ڪو ڪانئر آهي
 ٻُٺ ٻڌي ٿو هن تي ڪاهي
 هن ۾ سچ گهڻي ٿو هرهر
 هن جي سگھ لُٽي ٿو هرهر
 رت پُنءِ جو هي پُتلو چاهي
 پيڙهيءَ جو پاڇائون چاهي؟
 جي تون وڙهندي ماريو ويندين
 هن وسڻ تي واريو ويندين
 دودا تنهنجو ساه ته ويندو
 ماڻهوءَ جو ويساه نه ويندو
 تنهنجا پُٽ نه ته تنهنجا پوٽا
 رهندا توسان پورو چوٽا
 آزاديءَ لاءِ رڙهندا آخر
 رڙهندي رڙهندي وڙهندا آخر
 تن جي لاءِ مثال ڇڏي وڃ
 ۽ جي چاهين خال ڇڏي وڃ
 مون لاءِ تون جيڪو به قبولين،
 خلجي، گُٽو جو به قبولين!

تنهنجو منهنجو خون به ساڳيو
 جيئن لاءِ جئون به ساڳيو
 هيءَ جا ڏاهي ڳالهه چئي تو
 منهنجي دل جي ڳالهه ڪئي تو
 ماڻهو چڪ پوڙو ناهي
 گونگو ناهي پوڙو ناهي
 ماڻهو سارو راز به آهي
 پر ڪوئي آواز به آهي
 پاڻيءَ تان جو سانءُ اُڏاڻي
 جڻ ڪا جر تان جهانءُ اُڏاڻي
 موت ته هڪ پاڇائون آهي
 اُن جي ڪابه حقيقت ناهي
 ها، ڪائي شئي پانءِ رهي ٿي
 هن جندڙيءَ جي جهانءِ رهي ٿي
 پونير منجهه پڪاري ٿي جا
 ويسر کي والاري ٿي جا
 چمڻ مرڻ جو تڻ ٿئي ٿي
 سگهه ٿئي ٿي، ستُ ٿئي ٿي
 ٻاگهي! جي اڄ جان ڏيان مان
 هن ڌرتيءَ تي گهور ٿيان مان
 سچ چوڻ ٿي ساهه ته ويندو
 ماڻهوءَ جو ويساهه نه ويندو

[پريان چولي ڊوڙندي اچي ٿي، ۽ دودي جي پيرن تي
 ڪري سڏڪا پري ٿي]

جيئين شال سدائين دودا!
 اوسونهارا سائين دودا!
 سُر سڀنو آمون گڏجي ڳايو
 هي سارو سنسار سمايو
 سُر جي نيريءَ سندر تا ۾
 پيڙهيءَ پيڙهيءَ جي پيڙا ۾
 ڪائي ٿهر اچي ويئي مون سان
 سُڪ جي لهر اچي ويئي مون سان
 مان گنگهروءَ جي ڇم ڇم آهيان
 جي ڌرتيءَ تي پير نچايان
 چن چن ڪن تارن سڪا
 ڪجهه به نه آهن سونا سڪا
 جن تي پنهنجو پاڻ وڪيو مون
 پوري تي جو پاڻ وڪيو مون
 تنهن تي چنڊ جهڪي ايندو هو
 سارو منڊ جهڪي ايندو هو
 منهنجو ڪوئي اگهه نه آهي
 ها، جي ڪوئي مون کي چاهي
 پنهنجو پڪ ڪنول جيئن آئي
 موتي هاريءَ مون کي ماڻي
 ملڪ اڳيان ڪو موتي چاهي
 آليءَ اک جو اگهه نه آهي
 پر مون پنهنجو قدر نه ڄاتو
 هاءِ! چنيسر کي نه سُڃاتو
 ڪهڙي جادوءَ ۾ جڙجي مون
 ڪهڙي ڪانئر سان اڙجي مون
 پنهنجي عمر گنواني آهي

اڄ جو منهن تي چاڻي آهي
 ۽ مان انگ اگهاڙي آهيان
 ڄڻ مان ڪا ڦلواڙي آهيان
 جنهن جا ڦول لٽاڙيل آهن
 ويجهي ڇڪ اُجاڙيل آهن
 تنهن جو ڪارڻ آئون ته آهيان
 چو مون ڪونه سڃاتو ڇا هيان؟
 ڏوڙ چئيسر سارو ڏوڪو
 سونهريءَ ۾ سڀ هيو ڪو
 ڪوڙ هٿان جي ڪاج سري ٿو
 تاج رڳو تاراج ڪري ٿو
 جو به ڏهڻ تي پير ڌري ٿو
 هيٺ وڃي ٿو نيٺ مري ٿو
 ڪنهن به ڏهڻ ڳڙ ڪائي ناهي
 دودا سائين! اڄ هو ڪاهي
 راتاهي لاءِ اچڻا آهن
 اهڙا ناهه پيا هوناهن؟

[دودو چوليءَ کي پانهن کان ڇڪي اُتاري ٿو]

دودو....

لڄ جيان ڪا ناهي لوئي،
 ڪوڙو ٿان ڪنهن وقت به ڪوئي،
 پنهنجو پانڌ ڪري جي آجو،
 تنهن کي ٿي پڇتاءُ ته ڇا جو؟
 سچ ته ڪوئي کڻي آهي
 جنهن جو ڪُنڀ سدا ٿو لاهي

پاپ پڇاڙي، مير منن جو
 اُجرو اندر آهي تن جو
 ڪوڙو ٿان جي دور پڇن ٿا
 سي ڪاهي، مان نيٺ ڪجن ٿا
 جن جي رڳ رڳ رسي آهي
 سچ سوا بي چسي آهي
 ماڻهوءَ جي هر رهڻي ڪهڻي
 توکي پيڙ پئي جا سهڻي
 تنهنجا گيت اُجاري ويندي
 توڻ ڏيئا ٻاري ويندي

[باگهيءَ ڏانهن ڏسي ٿو]

ڪوڙا ڪانٽر جا سڀ سنگي،
 هاڃ جڏهن آهي هٿ منگي،
 ڪوڙ سندس ڪچڪول پري ٿو
 ۽ پينو جنهن وقت تري ٿو
 ڪوڙانهيءَ تي تهڪ ڏئي ٿو
 تنهن چادر کي چهڪ ڏئي ٿو
 جا هن منهن تي اوڙهي آهي،
 ڪوڙ پُراڻو ڪوڙهي آهي،
 اُن کي جنهن به چُتو پڇتايو
 بيڪ وٺي، جيئن ڪوڙ پرايو
 چا به چنيسر سمجھي هاڻي
 مون جيئن هن کي ڪونه سڃاڻي،
 جنهن جي ڏور پرائي وس آ،
 ناچ ڪندي ڪيڏو بيو س آ،

چاهي ڏور ته اُن کي ڊاهي.
ڇٽ ڏٺي، پوءِ ڊاهي اُن کي،
ناڪوليءَ کان ڪاهي اُن کي.

هاڳهي....

ڪانٽر جي هر سوچ به ڪوڙي
لاپ به ڪوڙو، لوچ به ڪوڙي
ريت به ڪوڙي، پريت به ڪوڙي
جن هو ڪائي ڪچي چوڙي
پر جي هٿ ڪڙي سمجھي ٿو
شايد هو هي سمجھي ٿو
ڪوبه ڪئي جو ڪيتو ناھي
سيڪجهه کاڌو پيتو آھي
ماڻهو ماس سوا ڪجهه ڪونهي
ورنڊڙ سواس سوا ڪجهه ڪونهي
موت ايئن آھن جي من ۾،
چچڙ جيئن ڪٽي جي ڪن ۾.

دودو.....

موت ته هر ڪنھن جو ويري آ
پارائي ۾ پاڙھيري آ
پوءِ به آھيري مان اُڌري
پاڻيءَ پات مٿان سو پٺجي
پنھنجا پرڙا ڦڙڪائن ٿا
سج کي سيني سان لائن ٿا
ناھي ان جي اون انھن کي
ڪنھن تي کان ڪڏھن ٿو ڪڙڪي!

ماڻهوءَ کي چوڊڻ، ٿئي ٿو؟
 موت تہ جهاپوءَ جھپ ٿئي ٿو!
 ماڻهوءَ ۾ هي ڏر ڇو آهي؟
 ڪنهن بہ مري هي ڄاتو ناهي
 "هه هئا! آئون مري ويو آهيان
 ٿاڻي سنگ تري ويو آهيان."
 موت اجائي جوڌر آهي
 پر ٿاڻو جوان ٿر آهي
 سُچ مٿان ڪا سانجهي ناهي
 اوندھ ڪا آڳانجهي ناهي!
 اُن ۾ تارا تم تم ڪن ٿا
 روشنيون ٿي رم جهم ڪن ٿا
 جڳ جڳ جي جهر مر آجندڙي
 ڪيئي جوت جهر وڪا جندڙي
 جن مان روز وجهن ٿا ليئا،
 ڏاها ٻاري پنهنجا ڏيئا
 جندڙيءَ جوت سدائين جلندي
 آئي آمون تائين جلندي
 مون کان پوءِ بہ جلندي رهندي
 هر پيڙهيءَ سان هلندي رهندي
 جوت ڪڏهن بہ نہ مرڻي آهي
 اڄ جامنهنجي ڪرڻي آهي
 تنهن کي آئون نياڻي ويندس
 پنهنجي جوت جلائي ويندس.

پرديو ٻيو

[دودي جي حڪم تي جنگ جا نقارا وڄايا وڃن ٿا ۽ سڀ جنگي
جوڙا هٿيار ٻڏي تيار ٿين ٿا. آسمان مان جهڙ هٽي ويو آهي ۽ چانوڻي
چنڊ جي روشنيءَ ۾ نظراچي رهي آهي.]

دودو....

هو سورهيءَ سنڀري نڪرن ٿا
جونجهار جڻا ٿي نڪرن ٿا
۽ جيءَ هڻي ٿو جهومريون....
تيار ٿيو اي سومريون
۽ راتو واهيءَ سام وٺو
تنهن ابڙي جي، جنهن جهڙو ڪو
اڃ ديس سڄي ۾ ويڙ نه آ
هن وقت نديءَ ۾ نير نه آ
ڪي نيش ڪٿو ارמוש ڪٿو
ڪي پنڌ پئو ۽ پير هڻو
آ سام اوهاڻ لاءِ ابڙن جي
جئن چانوڻي ٿي ڪپڙن جي
هو آڏي ڍال نه ڍارين ٿا
هوراوت مرندي مارن ٿا.
آ غيرت تن جي رڳ رڳ ۾
۽ ڪنڌ جهڪائڻ کان اڳ ۾
هو ڪنڌ ڪپائڻ چاهن ٿا
۽ تيسين سينو ساھن ٿا
پي جيسين جام شهادت جو
هو ڪن ٿا سنڌڙيءَ کي سجدو

[هاگهيءَ کي]

ڪنهن ڄاتو آهي ڪير مري
هو ڪانئر ڪارونپار ڪري
اڄ ايندا تنهنجي پاءُ مٿان
۽ شايد ويندي سنڌ هٿان
مان مرندي تائين وار ڪندس
۽ ڌارين جا سر ڌار ڪندس
هيءُ ڪنڌ ڳالهين تي آجيسين
هو پير ڌريندا ڪيئن تيسين
هن ڌرتيءَ تي، جا امي آ!
هيءُ جندڙي هونءُ نڪمي آ
شل جيڄل جي ڪنهن ڪاراچي
شل اُن تي ڪانه مياراچي
شل تنهنجو وار نه ٿئي ونگو
شل تنهنجو ڏينهن نه ٿئي ڏنگو
اي پيٽ سدا آباد هجين!
جنهن جاءِ هجين، تون شاد هجين!

[هاگهي ۽ ٻيون سومريون اُنن تي وڃن ٿيون، ۽ پردو ڪري ٿو]

ائڪٽ ٽيون

پردو پهريون

[دودو فوج کي اُتساهي رهيو آهي. چولي خيمي جي اوڻ
مان ڏسي رهي آهي.]

ڇولي پاڻ کي.....

دودو توکي چنڊ لڳو هو
کنهن مانڊيءَ جو منڊ لڳو هو
تو سوچيو هو مان ڇولي هان
”اُن کي اُپري ڪيئن پُڄان مان“
”چنڊ وجهي ٿو ڀرتان پاڇا،
ڏوران ڏيک ڏئي ٿو ڇا ڇا،
ها پر ڪيڏو ڀرتي آهي
اُن جي ويجهڙ وس ۾ ناھي
ڪيئن وئين ڪنڌيءَ تي ڪاھي
اي ڇولي! ڇاچر ۾ ڇاھي؟
اڄ تون گدلي ميري آھين
چئو تون موتي ڇا ٿي چاھين؟
چنڊ پراھون ٿي ويو آھي!
پويون پھر اچي ويو آھي!

دودو (فوج کي).....

ڇا لاءِ ڏرن ٿا ماڻهو ٿڙا!
ھر روز مرن ٿا ماڻهو ٿڙا!
ڪو ڪيئن مري ڪو ڪيئن مري
ڪو هونئن مري، ڪو هيئن مري
جن وقت گذاريو ويرن سان
تلوارن سان ۽ تيرن سان
سي اڱ وڍائي آرڻ ۾
ٿا ڪونڌ مرن ڪنهن ڪارڻ ۾
ڪي ويڄ هٿان وه پيئن ٿا
ٿي لولا لنگڙا جيئن ٿا

ٿا ڪنجهي ڪرڪي ساه ڏين
 ۽ ڏرڪي ڏرڪي ساه ڏين
 هر روز هزارن ۾ ماڻهو
 ٿي ڇڻ ته قطارن ۾ ماڻهو
 ٿا موت مهاڙن ۾ گڏجن
 اوندھ لاڙن ۾ گڏجن.
 هيءَ جيڪا ڀر ڀر مٽي آ
 ڪئن ڄاڻون ڪنهن جي ڪنهن جي آ!
 اي پونير جُنگن جو پڻ جا!
 تن ڪنڌ ڪرارن ڪوپن جا
 جن موٽڻ مهڻو ڄاتو هو
 گهر تيسين پير نه پاتو هو
 هت جيسين ڌاريا پير هيا!
 هو جيڪي مٿس مٿير هيا
 ڪنهن اڀري واءِ نه لوڏيا ها
 ڪنهن ڏوڙتي پير نه ڏوڏيا ها
 هن ڌرتيءَ تان تن ڌڱن جا
 تن لوهي جهڙن لڱن جا
 سي جُنگ اوهاڻ ۾ جرڪن ٿا
 ٿي مولهيا مولهيا مرڪن ٿا
 اي سنڌ سپوتو سروڀڄو!
 ڀل ويريءَ سان اڄ بر ميڄو!
 سڀ پنهنجي پنهنجي سيگ سڃن
 ايئن ڪڙ ڪڙ ڪڙ ڪڙ کان وڃن
 جيئن سخت ڳڙن جو مينهن اچي
 ۽ ڪانهن هوا ۾ ڪونه بچي

جنهن وقت گڏي ڪيڪان وڃن
ٿي مٽيءَ جا طوفان وڃن
جيئن هٽڪارن کان هانوهجن
جهه ويريءَ جا هر وقت ڇجن
اڄ ماري ڌاري ورڻو آ
يا وڙهندي وڙهندي مرڻو آ.

چولي (پاڻ ڪي) ...
هيءَ ڪنڌ ڪڪوريل آزادي
ماڻهوءَ ۾ موريل آزادي
تي پر ڪي پاڻ وهيئن ڪي
ڇا هانءُ ڏئي ٿي هيئن ڪي
تدبير ڏئي تدبيرن ڪي
تدبير ڏئي تدبيرن ڪي
ڇا گوندر ڪي گرمائي ٿي
تي راڱا راڙ مچائي ٿي
۽ پير چڪي پنجوڻن ۾
ڇا گونجي ٿي گجگوڻن ۾!
اي دودا! توتان گهور وڃان
شل آئون به پو جا پول پڇان.

[چولي خيمي مان تيرن سان پريل ترڪش ۽ ڪمان کڻي
ٻاهر اچي ٿي. ترڪش پٺيءَ تي لتڪائي ٿي. ته پريان گرد
غبار اڏامندو نظر اچي ٿو ۽ گهوڙن جي سُنبن جا آواز اچن
ٿا. پردو ڪري ٿو.]

ٻرو ويو
 [جهونجهڪري جي مهل آهي. دودي جي گهٽي فوج
 مار جي ويئي آهي ۽ باقي ٿڙي پڪڙي ويئي آهي. جنگ جي
 ميدان ۾ هزارين لاشا پيا آهن. انهن جي وچ ۾ دودو ڌرتيءَ
 تي ڪريل آهي ۽ اُها لڪين لڪين سان چوليءَ ڏانهن ڏسي
 رهيو آهي. چوليءَ کي هڪ هٿ ۾ مشعل آهي ۽ ٻئي هٿ
 سان دودي جي وات ۾ کليءَ مان پاڻي وجهي رهي آهي ۽
 مڏڪا پري رهي آهي.]

دودو....

پوئين وٻر اچي ويئي آهي
 موت رڳو هڪ هڏڪي آهي
 جيئن ڀر تان ڪورسي چوڙي
 ۽ ڊپڪيءَ سان دنڱي ڊوڙي
 اونهي جو اسرار نه ڄاڻي
 آرنه ڄاڻي پاران ڄاڻي.

[چنيسر جنگ جي ميدان ۾ لاش ڏسندو. دودي جي مٿان
 اچي ٿو بيهي]

چنيسر (دودي کي)....

جر... ڦوٽي جي ڦونڊ اڃاڻي
 دودا تو تو چو جان گنوائِي؟
 هر ماڻهوءَ جي هاڪ به مٽي
 هن ڌرتيءَ تي ڌاڪ به مٽي
 آڻ مڃين ها، عيش ڪرين ها
 هيئن جواني ۾ نه مرين ها!

دودو.....

چا به چوين مان مرئو ناهيان
ويس متائي ورئو آهيان
تون به چنيسر جو ڪجهه چاهين
مون کان اڳ ۾ ورئو آهيان
نانو نئين سان، ويس بدل سان
تنهنجي منهنجي جنگ ازل کان
جاري آهي جاري رهندي
جاري آهي، جاري رهندي..

[دودو مري وڃي ٿو. چولي اڪيون اڳهي ڳائي ٿي....]

چولي....

هر روز پتنگا چرڪن ٿا
ڏس ڏيئي لات ائين ئي آ
هڪ جوت ٻجهي، ٻي جوت جلي
هر وقت جهروڪا جهرڪن ٿا
ڏس ڏيئي لات ائين ئي آ
هر اوندهه ۾ هر اوجھڙ ۾
ڪي ماڻهو مَرڪن مَرڪن ٿا
ڏس ڏيئي لات ائين ئي آ
ڏس ڏيئي لات ائين ئي آ.

[پردو ڪري ٿو]

نون لفظن جي معنيٰ:

پاڻيءَ جو نرم جيت	پونئرو:
سوراخ	ڏرڙ:
هڪ زهريلي نانگ	ڪوراڙ:
پاڻيءَ جو هڪ پکي	سانءَ:
اها لڪل جاءِ جتي شڪاري تاڪ ۾ وهندو آهي	پاراڻو:
پڪين جو شڪاري	پاڙهيري:
ستن سالن جو اُٺ	نيش:
ڏهن سالن جو اُٺ	ارموش:
بھادر	راوت:
جنگ	آرن:
پڳ	مولهيو:
گهوڙو	ڪيڪان:
شينهن	راڱو:
بيڙي	دنگي:

A Glossary of Opera

Conductor: It is often referred as maestro and sets tempos and visibly marks time for singers and musicians, and establishes/ collaborates with others in musical and dramatic interpretation. S/he communicates non-verbally through a series of gestures, usually with a baton.

Soprano - A woman who sings the highest notes. She often plays the heroine or love interest of the story.

Mezzo-soprano - A woman who sings slightly lower than a soprano. She often plays the female villain, the seductress or a teenage boy—in that case, she performs what is known as a "trouser role."

Contralto - A woman with the lowest female vocal range. She often plays a maid, mother, grandmother or sometimes a witch.

Countertenor - A man with a vocal range similar to a mezzo. He uses a highly trained falsetto voice and usually sings roles that were performed in Baroque operas by castrati—men who had been castrated before puberty to preserve their high singing voices.

Tenor - A man with what is generally considered the highest standard male vocal range. He often plays the hero or the lover.

Baritone - A man who sings in the middle male vocal range. He often portrays the villain of the story.

Bass - A man who has the lowest male voice type. He often plays a king, father or sometimes the Devil.

Supernumerary - A supernumerary, or "super," is an "extra" in a production who does not speak or sing. Typical supernumerary roles include townspeople, soldiers or members of a crowd.

General Director - In charge of all aspects of managing and financing an opera. Generally, the CEOs of the companies play the role of the general director

Music Director - Responsible for the company's musical values and is a key member of the artistic team determining programming and casting.

Stage Director - The person responsible for interpreting the dramatic elements of a musical score or libretto. They shape the drama onstage and the interactions between characters.

Stage Manager - From the first rehearsal to the final show, a stage manager provides support to the director, cast and production team to ensure every aspect of a production runs as intended. During a performance, they coordinate entrances and exits of performers and call technical cues such as lighting changes or movement of scenery.

Dramaturg - Most frequently used in Europe, dramaturgs deal with the research, development and selection of operas and their editions, as well as researching libretti.

Prompter - A prompter gives singers the opening words of each of their phrases, a fraction of a second early, sometimes with hand gestures as cues. Working from a prompter's box at the front of the stage and visible only to performers, their prompts are mouthed silently or said in a half-voice audible only on stage.

Aria: An aria is a solo song for a singer in an opera. Typically, the famous and familiar songs we know from operas are arias.

Bel canto: Bel canto translates to "beautiful singing" in Italian and is a lyrical style of operatic singing that uses a rich, broad tone and smooth phrasing.

Cadenza: A cadenza is a musical passage where a singer performs a few vocally impressive measures to highlight their character and show off their talents. Cadenzas typically occur at the end of a song and are usually free of rhythm, yet thoroughly ornamental. Sometimes cadenzas are improvised, but they are more commonly prepared in advance or even written into the music.

Coloratura: Coloratura is elaborately embellished vocal music that includes a lot of fast notes, runs, trills, and wide melodic leaps in each syllable. It's usually used to show a character's high emotional state and demonstrate the singer's vocal ability. Coloratura is what many people think of when they think of opera singing. While anyone can sing coloratura, they are usually written for, and performed by, sopranos. The association of coloraturas with soprano voices is so strong that there's an entire operatic vocal type called "coloratura soprano."

Impresario: An impresario is the person who runs an opera company. This role is also sometimes known as the "Artistic Director" or "General Manager" of the opera company.

Leitmotif: A leitmotif is a short, recurring musical phrase associated with a particular character, theme, idea, or emotion in an opera. Nowadays, leitmotifs aren't just in operas; they appear in musicals, too!

Libretto: The libretto is the opera's text—the literal words being sung. While music is the driving force of opera, without the libretto ("little book" in Italian) no one would be singing anything! When we think about who wrote an opera, we tend to think of one person: the composer. But historically, operas were written by at least two people—the composer and

the librettist. Unfortunately, the librettist is too often forgotten when discussing opera and the composer continues to get all the credit.

Mezza voce: Mezza voce is an indication used by some composers to signify that a passage should be sung more quietly. Singing at "half voice," which is what mezza voce means in Italian, can intensify the emotion of a song. People often ask about the difference between mezza voce vs. sotto voce. Sotto voce, which means "under the voice" or "under one's breath," is far quieter and evokes more of a whisper than mezza voce, which is a more dramatic vocal effect.

Obbligato: An obbligato is a solo instrumental section during a vocal number. An obbligato is designed to support the principal vocal part and offer the singer some relief during the performance.

Opera buffa: Stemming from the Italian improvisational, trope-heavy performance style of commedia dell'arte, opera buffa is a light hearted and often very funny form of opera that typically depicts everyday characters dealing with everyday problems.

Operetta: The operetta is a form of light opera that's shorter and funnier than regular operas. Operettas usually contain dialogue and dance sequences, and they historically served as a bridge between opera and modern musical theatre.

Portamento: Portamento is the vocal technique of sliding between pitches continuously instead of jumping between the two notes.

Recitative: This is a style of vocal music that follows the pitches (typically a single pitch) and rhythms of regular speech. Syllabic recitativo secco, or "dry recitative," moves the action forward and typically has minimal instrumental backing. Recitativo accompagnato, or "accompanied recitative," has full orchestra backing

and is designed to increase the dramatic temperature or lead up to larger numbers.

Trill:

A trill is a vocal effect where the singer quickly alternates pitch back and forth between two notes

People often get confused between trill vs. vibrato singing. The key difference is that, unlike vibrato, which remains on the same pitch throughout, a trill goes back and forth between two semitones, half-steps, or two adjacent pitches

Trouser:

The trouser role is generally a young male role within an opera that is sung by a woman dressed as a man. The characters for trouser roles are often boyish and cheekily romantic. The trouser role is also often called a "pants part" or a "breeches role."

Vibrato:

Vibrato is one of the essential elements of opera. A singer creates this gentle vibration by slightly varying their pitch while remaining on a single note. The addition of vibrato can add richness, warmth, and expression to a singing part.

(Source : Internet)





It was the stream of conscience for Shaikh Ayaz that he committed the same mistake as it was done by Dr. Muhammad Iqbal. However, both the renowned poets were deserving to be declared nobel laureate poets. They took the side of oppressed and marginalized classes, which practically are not appreciated by imperial powers of world who nominate for the prestigious awards. For such type of poets and artists do not preach the ideology of oligarchic aristocracy. So what if Iqbal did not articulate this couplet;

دو کليم بے چل و سست بے سلب
نست چمبر و ليکن در بغل دارو کتاب

It can be said that fortune favoured his quill but did not brought him into the list of nobel laureates. Similarly, what if Shaikh Ayaz did not compose this poem:

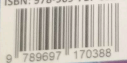
اي دنيا پر جا محکوموا
اي مظلوموا
جي محکوميء مان ڪوبه چئن
مون ائين سمجهين
جن منهنجي گردن هلڪي ٿي

May be we have to see a roseate view of the future of our beloved Indus.

In this book, Saeen N A Janjhi has translated and interpreted the Opera of Shaikh Ayaz, written on the death of Dodo Soomro. Though translation is not an easy task but it is a crafty art of N A Janjhi who made it easy to communicate and transform the message of Shaikh Ayaz for the people who, otherwise, dont know such a worth to be understood poetry because of language barriers. Hopefully his labor of love will reach those whose 'peripheral definition' does not allow orientalis to be a fit medium for conveying their unconventional literary auras.

Mir Mansoor Mangrio

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